The Outlook

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LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

The New Ambassador to England

Dr. Walter H. Page, who has been appointed by President Wilson Ambassador to Great Britain, was born in North Carolina in 1855, was educated at Randolph-Macon College, and is a journalist and literary critic and worker by profession. He is a member of the publishing firm of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company, of whose literary affairs he has general guidance. He was formerly editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" and literary adviser to the Houghton Mifflin Company. Since the organization of the firm of Doubleday, Page & Company he has been editor of "The World's Work," the well-known magazine of affairs published by that firm. He was a member of the Country Life Commission appointed by President Roosevelt; he is thoroughly acquainted with the social, economic, educational, and political life of the South; he is in active sympathy with modern progress in education, as is indicated by his membership in both the Southern and the General Education Boards; his views on the complicated race question are broad-minded and display a sympathetic understanding of the problems of both the whites and the blacks in the South; he is an able speaker; and he has personal gifts and qualities which have endeared him to a large circle of friends in all parts of the country. While very far from being a rich American, he is, in the best sense of the word, a representative American. His appointment is an indication that the President does not mean to accept the tradition which makes it necessary for our Ambassadors abroad to add from their own incomes large sums to the salary which the country gives them. It is generally believed by his friends that Mr. Page will depend chiefly upon the salary attached to his office, and will carry his social entertainments no farther than that salary enables him to do. We hope that this is the case; that the President will follow up this admirable appointment with appointments of like nature; and that as a result Congress may be spurred up to make something like an adequate provision for ambassadorial expenditures, so that Ambassadors may be appointed for their intellectual and personal qualifications without regard to the condition of their private fortunes.

What Can England Do With Her Suffragettes?

The conviction in London last week of Mrs. Pankhurst on a charge of inciting and encouraging lawless acts brings up again the puzzling question, What shall be done with women who break the law in order to help, as they wrong-headedly believe, their political purpose, and then attempt to starve themselves in prison? Mrs. Pankhurst, after her conviction and her three years' sentence, declared that she would at once start a hunger strike, and it is reported that the British Government will not in her case undertake forcible feeding, but will take advantage of the bill just about to become a law, and after a few days of "starvation" will release Mrs. Pankhurst on a doctor's certificate; she will then be on ticket of leave, subject to rearrest at any time. At this distance all this seems a weak way of dealing with a serious situation. The assertion of the suffragettes is that they would endure imprisonment quietly if they were not classed and treated as ordinary criminals, whereas, they assert, they are really political offenders. Hence the hunger strikes. In the recent discussion on this matter in the House of Commons opinions differed greatly. Lord Robert Cecil was of the opinion that the Government should not treat these women as ordinary criminals. He said: "Forcible feeding is disgusting and indefensible. I do not agree that the women should be left with plenty of food and allowed to starve if they liked, nor do I agree with the idea of let-

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ting them out on license and rearresting them. I recommend that the women should be deported for a considerable period, as they are a danger to the State." Sir Arthur Markham took the opposite view, saying: "Let them die if they won't take food, or deport them to St. Helena or some Scottish island," whereupon the Home Secretary asked what would be done in case of a hunger strike on board ship. Mr. Keir Hardie urged that "the only remedy for the hunger strike is to release the prisoners and give them the vote." Sir Frederick Banbury said: "Put food in the cell, but have no forcible feeding. If they want to commit suicide, let them do so. If one woman died, there would be no more deaths. Which is better: to allow the law to be made a mockery, or to let one woman suffer the penalty for her folly?" The Home Secretary, Mr. McKenna, said that his intention was to get power to release all prisoners only on license, so that after recovering from a hunger strike they may be rearrested and reimprisoned. One method proposed is that the British authorities should treat these women as mental defectives. But this, again, leaves the hunger strike difficulty unsolved, unless a thoroughgoing change for the better were instituted for the treatment of all who are mentally defective or disturbed. The riotous scenes at the close of Mrs. Pankhurst's trial were a disgrace to the women concerned and to modern civilization, as were also the renewed threats of further and more serious violence. Mrs. Pankhurst's defense for the whole militant movement—if it can be called a defense—was this: "I deliberately broke the law, not hysterically, not emotionally, but for a serious purpose and because I honestly believe it is the only way. The movement will go on whether I live or die. These women will go on until women have obtained the common rights of citizenship, as they shall have over the civilized world before this movement is done. The law of divorce alone is enough to justify a revolution by the women." If the burning of buildings belonging to innocent people, the destruction of mail matter, the silly smashing of windows, the campaign of insult and screaming, is the "only way" to attract attention to mooted questions in England, it will not be long before Macaulay's New Zealander stands on the ruins of London Bridge. To make such an assertion is to refute it, to maintain it is to give evidence of hysterical dementia.

The Full Crew Bill

What is known as the Full Crew Bill, urged upon the New York Legislature by the railway trainmen's or brakemen's union and vigorously opposed by the railway managers, has been signed by Governor Sulzer; similar bills were vetoed by Governor Hughes and Governor Dix, but a similar bill was approved in New Jersey, it is said, by Governor Wilson, and has been signed by the present Chief Executive of New Jersey, Governor Fielder. The New York State bill specifies the number of trainmen, conductors, engineers, and baggagemen that should be carried on all trains. The chief increase under the bill will be in the number of trainmen or brakemen. On freight trains of twenty-five cars or more, the bill compels the railways to go back to the days when there were no air-brakes and no couplers on freight trains, when all freight trains had to be made up by the link-and-pin coupling, and when the brakeman had to run along the top of the cars and put on hand-brakes whenever the engineer blew the whistle for "down brakes." Railway managers have opposed the bill because they say that the increase in men it calls for is not needed to promote either public safety or the safety and the normal physical welfare of the men. The presidents of the important railways passing through the State have signed a public statement that the law will add to the expenses of the railways, without any adequate return, two million dollars annually. Our sympathies in this controversy are with the managers and not with the men. The introduction of labor-saving machinery, such as air-brakes and couplers, has made it perfectly proper to expect fewer men to operate a train safely to-day than were required twenty-five years ago. Moreover, while The Outlook has been and will continue to be in favor of governmental regulation of the railways, it is not in favor of operating the railways by statute. Regulation statutes should be general rather than specific, and detailed questions of human safety and human welfare on the railway can be more intelligently and efficiently decided by a Public Service Commission than by a Legislature.

A Party Merger and a Senatorial Election

Since March 4th Illinois has been without a representative in the Senate of the United States. On that date Senator Cullom's term expired. He was

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the only Illinois Senator because his colleague, Senator Lorimer, had been excluded from the Senate on the ground that there had been bribery in his election. In the Illinois Legislature, which was charged with the duty of filling these vacancies, no one party had a majority. The Progressives had elected sufficient members to prevent such party majority. There was thus created a situation which made it necessary for party lines to be crossed if there were to be any election at all. The question was whether the crossing of those party lines was to be made on principle or through mere political compromise. Presumably the Republican and Democratic parties in Illinois represent opposite political beliefs. This presumption did not prevent the election of Lorimer to the Senate under scandalous circumstances. The effect of that election was to arouse the people of Illinois to a sense of the danger to their liberties involved in the union of two corrupt party machines in the interest of special privilege. No such scandal has attended the present session of the Legislature; but the same kind of truce between presumably opposing forces characterized the organization of the Legislature in the first place, and has now resulted in the election of James Hamilton Lewis, Democrat, for the long term of six years from the 4th of last March, and of Lawrence Y. Sherman, Republican, for the unexpired portion of the term left vacant by the exclusion of Lorimer. Colonel Lewis has been more or less conspicuous in the Democratic party and at Democratic gatherings for a number of years. He has suffered from—or, as some might put it, profited by—the love of the newspaper cartoonist and the newspaper paragrapher for a shining mark, for they have enjoyed commenting on his fastidiousness in dress and on his "pink whiskers." To the ordinary observer without the special newspaper imagination, Colonel Lewis is not in appearance such an extraordinary exception to the rest of mankind. Colonel Lewis's political beliefs may be summed up in his loyal adherence to the Democratic party, though his utterances have at times placed him in the radical wing. Mr. Sherman has been known as a Progressive Republican. His shaven face has been likened to that of Lincoln. His dress as well as his manner is marked by simplicity. He has been a severe critic of Republican leaders, notably of Governor Yates, and was an opponent of Lorimerism. In the present situation in Illinois he has been cautious and has not allowed himself to break with his party. He is therefore a good compromise candidate. This outcome in Illinois does not do anything to promote political sincerity, but it seems at least to be free from political scandal. With the adoption of the constitutional amendment requiring the popular election of Senators such an outcome as occurred in Illinois will not be longer possible.

A Friend of the Indian

The Rev. Walter C. Roe, D.D., for many years a missionary working under the auspices of the Women's Board of Domestic Missions of the Reformed Church in America in Oklahoma and its adjoining Territory, died March 12 in Nassau, West Indies. When Mr. Roe and his wife went out to work among the Indians in Oklahoma in 1897—Oklahoma at that time still being a Territory—they lived like the Indians themselves, traveling about in wagons and living in tents wherever the night found them. Beginning their work in this simple way among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, making the Indian Agency at Colony their general headquarters, their work developed until it included missionary endeavor among Indians of various tribes not only in Oklahoma but in Nebraska and New Mexico. In addition to this general missionary work, Mr. Roe was the pastor of the Indian Mission Church in Colony. While not officially connected in any way with the Government Agency School at Colony, through his pastoral relations Mr. Roe came into close touch with the children as well as the mothers and fathers for whom that school and agency were carried on by the Government. Not only this; he and his wife established an industrial enterprise known as the Mohonk Lodge because it was the gift of the Mohonk Conference in 1898. Mohonk Lodge served the Indian in various directions—as a hospital, as a convalescent home for the sick, as a refuge for those suffering either morally or physically, and as a school for developing not only the mechanical arts of our own civilization but for saving, encouraging, and maintaining Indian arts and industry, such as basket-making, blanket-making, etc. The influence of Mr. Roe's work extended even to the Pacific coast. This brief résumé of the work carried on by Dr. and Mrs. Roe will explain

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why it is that at his death many touching letters and telegrams have been received from the Indians themselves testifying to their affection and gratitude to him for his work among them not only as a teacher and pastor but as a veritable brother. For example, one letter, written in a hand which would do credit to a college graduate, came from an Indian woman who five years ago was notorious for her drunken lawlessness, expressing the sense of indebtedness of herself and her two daughters. A tribal message of sympathy was received from the Winnebagoes. A telegram signed by Two Crows, Bull Looking Around, Lizard, and others, said: "We Indians feel like the light went out when we heard of the death of Iron Eyes [Dr. Roe]. He leaves his mark. We will do our best to take part in the world harder than ever before." A number of touching letters from the Indian children in the Colony Agency, representing, as one of them says, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, clearly indicate that the Indian, even when only a short way on the road from savagery into civilization, is capable of the most tender sentiment and of the deepest gratitude. Dr. Roe, widely known among all active Indian workers, like so many pioneers and martyrs, did not obtain the fame or ecclesiastical honor which comes to those working in the great centers of civilization; nor did he seek it or care for it; yet many epitaphs on the monuments of the great seem to us less beautiful and less desirable than this tribute which was prepared for his funeral service by an Indian fellow-worker: "The Indian, not over-rich in wise, capable sympathizers, has lost a great friend who fought for his temporal, moral, spiritual welfare. His voice was lifted up in their councils and among the Nation's councilors and legislators for the Indian. The Indian, in his ignorance, may not know it, but another champion for the weak and oppressed has fallen."

The Floods Receding

An account of the conditions at Dayton as they were seen last week by The Outlook's special correspondent, Mr. Arthur Ruhl, appears elsewhere in this issue. As the overflow from the river systems in Ohio and Indiana diminished, and it became possible to obtain the precise facts of the devastation wrought, there was general relief to find that, while there were many scores dead, the actual loss of life was by no means so startlingly large as the reports of the preceding week had indicated. For instance, in Dayton itself, where the week before reports of the number of dead reached up into the thousands, it became apparent last week that the correct number was not far from one hundred. Similar reductions of the sensational reports of the previous week came from other places. On the other hand, the destruction of property has been exceedingly great and the suffering of the homeless people still continues, while throughout the region there is fear of epidemic diseases from the results of exposure and from the difficulty of obtaining unpolluted water. A despatch from Dayton states that many of the tradesmen face ruin, and that not a few people have gone insane as a result of suffering and trouble. The high tide of the flood passed downward from the tributary streams into the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and flood conditions existed last week at Cincinnati, Louisville, and Cairo, and many small towns on the Ohio. At Bud Point, Missouri, a detachment of State troops were for a time marooned in a dangerous position by the breaking of levees and were rescued with difficulty, while places like Vicksburg (Missouri), Uniontown (Kentucky), and Evansville (Indiana), suffered severely from floods. The warning given in advance by the Ohio floods served to incite to thorough preparation. The loss in the sugar and cotton sections, however, will probably be great. Funds continued last week to pour in for the flood sufferers, and are being applied with judgment and skill by the Red Cross and by local associations and authorities. The Red Cross alone has received about a million dollars.

Art in Chicago

The International Exhibition of Modern Art, organized by the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, has been transferred from New York to Chicago. It is apparently causing even more of a stir in Chicago than it did in New York, if we may judge from three features of the Exhibition. About sixty thousand persons attended the Exhibition during its month in New York, but from present indications the total attendance for Chicago will be in the neighborhood of two hundred thousand at the end of three weeks. Secondly, the interest taken in the Exhibition at Chicago is shown by the fact that the

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catalogue went into a second edition at the end of the first week; a third printing has now been ordered. Thirdly, as in New York, the Cubist room attracts the largest crowds, no doubt largely on account of attention drawn to it by comic writers and cartoonists. As to them and the Post-Impressionists, so many inquiries have been made concerning their forms of art that a booklet of an explanatory sort has been issued. As to Modernists in general, the lecture on them delivered by Mr. Charles Francis Brown in the Chicago Art Institute had to be repeated, as many persons were unable to obtain entrance to the hall to hear his hostile explanation. In the same way, Mr. Arthur J. Eddy is also to repeat his friendly explanation in the same place; at his first lecture the crush was so great that the hall could have been filled three or four times. Thus in art, as in commerce and finance, Chicago can be depended upon to forge to the fore.

Taubmann's Mass

No instrument or body of instruments can approach what the writer of the Book of Revelation calls "as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings." All the greatest composers have uttered some of their greatest works in choral writing. Indeed, modern music as well as primitive music found its origin in the voices of many singing together, and the art of music made its most rapid rise through the struggles of composers to find beauty in the setting of one voice over against another voice. This is the meaning of counterpoint—voice against voice; and it is counterpoint which lies at the basis of the art of music. The production, therefore, of a new or the revival of an old and forgotten choral work of great magnitude is a notable event in musical annals. Such an event occurred week before last in the production by the Oratorio Society of New York of Taubmann's "Deutsche Messe," or, as it is called in English, "A Choral Service." To call this work a Mass is not strictly accurate, for that implies that it is a work set to the words of the Roman liturgy associated with the Eucharistic service. Though the Roman liturgy is the basis of his work, in no part of it do the words of the Roman liturgy appear. For example, the first part of this "Choral Service" is called "Kyrie," but the words are not the Greek words of the Roman Kyrie, but the German words from the Lutheran version of the Scriptures—"O Lord, how are they that hate me increased!" and so on, from the Psalms, with a chorale in German ending, "Hear us, Holy Jesu, Have mercy! Eternal God!" And only at the last "Kyrie Eleison." So the second part, the "Gloria," consists not of the Latin words but words from the German translation of the Bible: "Lord, our Governor, how glorious is thy name!" Perhaps the most interesting part is the Credo. In the Roman liturgy the words are in Latin, "Credo in unum Deum . . . et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum . . . et in Spiritum Sanctum." In this part Taubmann has the orchestra sound the ancient tones to the words, "Credo in unum Deum" (I believe in one God), and then a solo voice strikes in with the words, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God." Then, when that portion is done, the orchestra sounds the tones associated with the words, "et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum" (and in one Jesus Christ), and then the voice strikes in with the words, "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us." Then the orchestra sounds the tones associated with the words, "et in Spiritum Sanctum" (and in the Holy Ghost), and then are sung the words, "But when I shall send the Comforter." So, throughout, on the framework of the Roman liturgy Taubmann has constructed a body composed of portions of the Scriptures in the Lutheran version and of Lutheran chorales. When sung in New York the words used were English, but the name originally given to this work, "A German Mass," fitted it quite as well as if it had been sung in the German language. It is suggested that in the construction of this work Taubmann meant to indicate the essential unity of the faith behind the diversity of form of Protestant and Roman Catholic.

Taubmann's Music

Far more extraordinary, however, than the structure of the words is the music which Taubmann has composed. In magnitude, breadth, nobility, it approaches the greatest choral works of Germany from Bach to Brahms. Indeed, compared with the Brahms German Requiem, it has somewhat more of the modern spirit and at the same time somewhat more of the idiom and complex counterpoint of Bach. It is a work that cannot be grasped at the first hearing. Unfortu-

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nately, such a work finds it hard to get even one hearing. There is nothing sensational, nothing fictitious, about its appeal. It has not even the romanticism that makes human much of the choral work of Elgar, nor has it the dramatic, almost theatrical, elements that appear in Elgar's larger choral works. It is austere and distant, like a great mountain range. In this work, moreover, Taubmann has proved himself a master of his medium. There are few men who can make such complex counterpoint as his (at times there are five different simultaneous rhythms) result in a great massive effect of unity. Otto Taubmann is not widely known. Although he was born fifty-four years ago, and although he wrote this Mass during the years from 1893 to 1895, and though the Mass has been performed a number of times in Germany, it cannot be said that he has an international reputation. Indeed, his name does not appear even in that most comprehensive work, the latest edition of "Grove's Dictionary." Possibly the fact that his reputation is limited is due to the limited field of his work, for, as far as we know, it has been confined almost if not entirely to choral composition. In that field, however, he is a master.

Balkan Strength

Several events last week in the Balkan Peninsula emphasized the new anti-Turkish power there. In the first place, at Athens, out of the sixty archbishops and bishops who took part in the funeral of the late King George, forty were from countries Turkish until a very few months ago, but now conquered by Greece; there were also deputations from scores of districts wrested from the Turks by the Balkan allies. In the second place, at Avlona, the chief port of Albania, the provisional Government of that country proclaimed the Duke of Montpensier king. In the third place, the Montenegrins scored a triumph before Skutari, the last Turkish stronghold to resist the allies, and close to the Montenegrin southern boundary. Its principal defense is the mountain of Tarabos, or Tarabosch. The Montenegrins captured, the despatches say, five of its seven forts, with the heroic aid of a couple of hundred bomb-throwers, chosen for this task from many battalions. Every bomb-thrower lost his life; but the attempt opened the way for a victorious charge of Montenegrin infantry following close behind. These tactics were like those adopted in the capture of Adrianople; but there the soldiers who cut the wire entanglements surrounding the forts were clad in cuirasses and provided with shields, whereas at Tarabos the rough mountain side compelled the Montenegrins to dispense with all impediments. At this moment the Powers indicate some intention of compelling Montenegro to give up this fruit of five months' fighting on the ground that the allies had already agreed upon an independent Albania, and that they, the Powers, had determined upon Skutari as its capital. But Montenegro is equally determined to possess Skutari. As King Nicholas said recently in a despatch to the Paris "Temps," "The question of Skutari is a vital question for Montenegro. The possession of this town and its territory is the logical and necessary result of all of our country's national existence." The fortress has been besieged without much material success by the Montenegrins since soon after the commencement of the Balkan War. Certainly the possibility of its capture and inclusion in the kingdom of Montenegro formed one of the inducements for King Nicholas to begin that war.

Turkish Weakness

If the foregoing events emphasize present Balkan strength, the unreserved acceptance by the Turkish Government last week of the terms of peace proposed by the European Powers accentuates Turkish weakness. Ever since the conference at London between the Balkan allies and Turkey ended, the Ambassadors of the Powers have been holding sessions in that city, the first result of which was an offer of mediation to the allies and Turkey. This offer has now been accepted by both sides. Swiftly following, comes Turkey's acceptance of the Powers' second proposal—that of terms of peace. The terms are as follows:

First—The frontier of the Ottoman Empire in Europe shall start at Enos [on the Ægean Sea about fifty miles from the entrance to the Dardanelles], and, following the course of the Maritza River and then that of the Ergene, shall end at Midia [on the Black Sea fifty-odd miles north of the Bosphorus]. All territories situated to the west of this line shall be ceded by Turkey to the allied states, with the exception of Albania, the delimitation of which shall be fixed by the powers.

Second—The question of the Ægean Islands shall be settled by the Powers.

Third—Turkey shall abandon all claim to Crete.

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Fourth—The Powers cannot favorably entertain the demand for indemnity, but they will admit the allies to participate in the discussions of the International Commission in Paris for an equitable settlement of their participation in the Ottoman debt and in the financial charges of the districts to be handed over to them. Turkey is to be asked to take part in the labors of this Commission.

By these terms Turkish territory in Europe shrinks to about one-twentieth its present size; in other words, to a territory about the size of Montenegro—the smallest European area ever under Turkish control. But even this small territory is too large, declare the Bulgarians. They want to have an outlet on the Sea of Marmora and cut off the Gallipoli Peninsula from Constantinople, thus rendering the defenses of the Dardanelles valueless. They also insist on a war indemnity. The Servians want an indemnity, too, and they particularly want to define the Albanian boundary line. The Greeks declare that they must have southernmost Albania and, of course, all the Ægean Islands. The Montenegrins insist on having northernmost Albania. The question now is, Will the Powers persuade the Allies, or the Allies the Powers?

The Korean Conspiracy Case

A brief telegram from Seoul states that the Japanese Court of Appeal, after a long rehearing of the Korean conspiracy case, has acquitted one hundred of the prisoners accused of an attempt to assassinate Governor Terauchi, but has affirmed the judgment of the lower court so far as it relates to Baron Yun Chi-ho and a few of his associates, who have been prominent in the case on account of their social position, or their influence as leaders of the Korean patriotic movement. In the absence of any definite information as to the reasoning of the Court, or the grounds of its decision, we can form no positive opinion with regard to the fairness of either the first or the second trial; but inasmuch as all, or nearly all, of the prisoners now acquitted made confessions of guilt when they were examined by the police in the preliminary inquiry, it seems to be evident that the Court treated the alleged "confessions" as unworthy of belief, and based its judgment wholly on circumstantial evidence and the testimony of witnesses. Proof of this kind was found to be insufficient to establish the guilt of a majority of the prisoners, and all but six or eight of them were acquitted, after having been sentenced by the lower court to various terms of imprisonment or penal servitude. No attempt seems to have been made to prove or disprove the charge of torture. The prisoners declared in open court that they had made false confessions in order to escape from intolerable suffering; but their statements apparently were regarded with indifference by their counsel and were wholly ignored by the judges. The inspector of police who conducted the preliminary inquiry denied, under oath, that he had used illegal means of procuring confessions, and no proof of torture, other than the statements of the prisoners themselves, seems to have been offered by the defense, either in the Local Court or in the Court of Appeals. So far as a judgment can be formed from the meager reports cabled to this country, the principal difference between the first trial and the second is to be found in the relative importance attributed to the so-called "confessions." The lower court, apparently, gave them some credence, and based its decision in part upon them, while the Court of Appeals threw them out altogether, and acquitted one hundred of the accused, on the ground that the "confessions" were incredible, while the circumstantial evidence was sufficient to establish guilt only in the cases of Baron Yun Chi-ho and a few other leaders in the Korean patriotic movement.

Philippine Typhoons and Government

The flood in Ohio and the tornado in Nebraska bring to mind the typhoons of the Philippine Islands. Within the last five years the most populous parts of these islands have been swept by an average of one typhoon a year, each one within its limits as destructive as the Nebraska storm and the Ohio flood combined, as the typhoon brings both wind and flood at the same time. The wind is from a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five miles per hour, and the rainfall may reach three inches in one hour, over twenty-four inches in one day, and even at times may exceed this. It is not uncommon for a town of several thousand people to have every house blown down, and last fall the Aclan River on Panay Island was running ten miles wide and straight out to sea. The damage done by two successive typhoons in the Visayan Islands last fall was simply appalling, yet we heard no calls for help from this "expensive Philippine Government." It has a regular relief fund

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in addition to voluntary subscriptions raised in the unaffected parts of the islands, so that it can meet the needs of the situation. Land tax in the afflicted district is usually suspended for a while, but the lone American supervising teacher dries his school books in the sun, re-establishes the schools in wrecked buildings that are sometimes without roof or siding, and persuades the native teachers to teach for a smaller salary in case the suspended land tax makes the payment of the regular salary impossible. In practically no cases has the American's pioneer spirit been sufficiently daunted to cause him to keep the schools closed when there were any children to attend. After eight years of experience with frame school-houses and typhoons the Philippine Bureau of Education has ceased building anything but reinforced-concrete school-houses with iron roofs. About five hundred of these have been built to date, and it is significant to note that when the typhoon comes nowadays the people flock to the new school-house for protection. The Ohio floods bring to mind the Benguet Road expense that the advocates of the Jones Bill have made such an ado about in Congress of late. The high cost of the Benguet Road is due to a scientific and not to a political blunder. It was located in the valley of the Bued River by American engineers who did not then realize that 38.8 inches of rain could fall in one day, and that rivers could rise sixty or more feet above their normal level. Once the road was in, it was cheaper to repair it than to build another one, since it was to be only temporary. The railway to Baguio now being built goes up a ridge instead of up a valley. It took American engineers eight years to learn just how much water could leak out of a tropic sky in a few days, but they have cut their tropical eye-teeth now, and as a result road-building in the Philippine Islands within the last four years has rivaled that of any other tropical country.

Missionary Work in the Balkan Peninsula

As might be supposed, nearly all regular missionary work in the war zone in the Balkan Peninsula has stopped. The missionaries are giving themselves to relief work. At Salonika, the principal port on the Ægean Sea, the Rev. E. B. Haskell writes:

I have over seven thousand on my own list, and the Greek Protestant pastor with whom I work has nearly four thousand; so altogether we cater to over eleven thousand people a day. Flour is very scarce, and it is impossible to get out a decent ration. We give one loaf to four people for twenty-four hours, and sometimes have to give only on the alternate day for lack of bread. People have no fuel to cook with if we give them anything else than ready bread.

This is the initial item of interest in the latest "News Bulletin" published by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Its officers hope that a generous response from America will be immediately made. They will forward any funds; checks may be sent to Mr. F. H. Wiggin, Treasurer, 14 Beacon Street, Boston. The Bulletin also contains a noteworthy description of the situation in Albania as reflected in the experiences of the Rev. C. Telford Erickson. Five years ago Mr. Erickson went to Albania. He was warmly welcomed by the people, but was driven from Tirana, where he had settled, by the persecutions of the Young Turk Government. With his wife and three children he went thence to Elbasan, a central city, where he lived in a wretched native building. He was arrested by the Government and transported to Monastir, the well-known stronghold in Macedonia. After weary negotiations he was allowed to return to Albania. But the Government blocked his efforts to obtain land and to establish schools there. Mr. Erickson's oldest son became gravely ill, and the father had to take him to Switzerland. The boy died there. Then the war broke out. Mr. Erickson, seeking to rejoin his wife at Elbasan, was thrown into prison by the Servians on arriving at the Albanian port of Durazzo. By the cleverness of a prison boy, he was able to send a secret message to the American Board, which advised the State Department at Washington. He was thereupon released. He returned to his family at Elbasan and found them safe, but was ordered by the Servians to leave the country within ten days. Mr. Erickson is now in Switzerland. He writes:

The great Powers and the Balkan allies have decided that Albania shall be made an independent State. . . . The Greek and Moslem propaganda is knocked out. What influence can the "Orthodox Church" wield in Albania after this, when, with fire and sword, rapine and plunder, murder and outrage, their armies have swept the country, robbing priests and churches as well as . . . and Mohammedan mosques? They are hated worse than the Turks were hated before them. As for the Mohammedan population, I am convinced, having it from the mouths of the people themselves, that, once they are free from the Turkish yoke, off goes the Moslem yoke as well. What are these peo-

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ple to do? What is to save them from religious anarchy? I answer: Only Protestant work can do it.

Even if to many minds the chance of Protestant propaganda does not appeal, certainly to every one this opportunity for Protestant missionaries to serve this distracted country of great possibilities ought to appeal.

THE DEATH OF MR. MORGAN

The old saying, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, speak nothing but good of the dead, appears to have been transposed in many American daily newspaper offices to read, *nil bonum nisi de mortuis*, speak no good of men until they are dead. The columns of well-merited praise of Mr. Morgan and his achievements with which the American newspapers are filled to-day are in volume comparable only to the torrent of slander and insinuation and abuse which was poured out upon him by some publications and many individuals during his life. What is the defect in the American temperament that makes this possible? Can we not learn to appreciate our public men while they are alive? Is it necessary to wait until they die before making a serious, impartial, and just estimate of their contributions to contemporary life?

It is true that much that is fine and inspiring in any man's career cannot be completely made public until after his death. Such tributes as those that are paid elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook by some of Mr. Morgan's intimate friends could not have been published while he was living. They would then have been invasions of his private rights, but it is a public right that they should be known now. It seems to us that the lesson to be learned from these and similar tributes to Mr. Morgan's memory is that, in spite of the abnormal emphasis which is put upon the power and value of riches in this country, the American people as a whole are quick to recognize truth, honor, and personal integrity as the vital qualities of the highest type of citizen.

Two months ago, in commenting upon Mr. Morgan's testimony before the Pujo Committee, we referred to the personal trust and confidence reposed in Mr. Morgan and his partners by the entire financial world. "Such a reputation," we added, "is certainly better than great riches, and we have no doubt that Mr. Morgan cherishes it as his most highly prized possession." In his testimony Mr. Morgan said very simply but very decidedly that character is one of the essential elements of financial success. His own career proves the truth of his assertion.

But the fact must not be lost sight of, with full recognition of the great and splendid elements in his character and career, that Mr. Morgan was a pre-eminent representative of what may be called the feudal system of American industry and finance. He felt his responsibilities as a feudal chief, and he worked untiringly to exercise those responsibilities with justice and with consideration for the welfare of those whose property and lives were committed to his charge.

The great industrial problem of the day for this country is to discover a way in which feudalism in industry and finance, however benevolent, may be abolished, and yet the energy, initiative, public spirit, and administrative ability of such men as Mr. Morgan may be preserved for the service of society.

A WAY OUT

It is the most natural thing in the world to go to the railway station, take a seat comfortably in the railway coach, and pass over mile after mile of track at a rate of thirty to sixty miles an hour. So customary is it that most passengers take it as a matter of course, as if the train were a self-directed creature.

Even those who do not often travel on the railways themselves are nevertheless dependent on the railways just as truly. It is the railways that bring to them their food, their clothing, their fuel, the very material out of which their houses are built.

The railways have become as necessary to modern life as natural phenomena. If all the railways in the country were to stop moving for any extended period, the disaster that would follow would be as serious as if all the rivers were to dry up, almost as serious as if the sun were to cease its rising and setting.

Unlike the streams, the winds, the rain, the sunlight, the operation of the railways depends upon human agency. Like many other trite statements, this is one which everybody recognizes to be true and no one constantly keeps in mind. Indeed, most people seem to act as if it were not true. We all depend on the railways and expect them to act as regularly and as certainly as natural phenomena, indeed more certainly than the flow of streams; and we scarcely give a thought to the men who are making these

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railways, as it were, a part of the course of nature, whether as presidents, or managers, or trainmen, or switchmen, or towermen, or engineers, or firemen, or other employees.

There is now under way a series of hearings concerning the demands that have been made by the firemen of fifty-four railways in the East. A few weeks ago, before these hearings were instituted, when it appeared remotely possible that there might be a firemen's strike and consequently a serious derangement of the normal operations of these railways, many people who take the railways ordinarily as a matter of course began to be concerned. Then the arbitration proceedings were started, and these people, breathing a sigh of relief, dismissed from their minds all thought of the matter. They assume now that the controversy will be settled, that there will be no disaster, and that in some way the firemen on the one side and the railway managers on the other will find their dispute settled.

That, however, is not the end of it. In the end the public, which uses the railways, must bear the responsibility of the railways. Transportation is not like air, that costs nothing. Somebody must pay for it. And those who pay for it are those who make use of it—and that means all of us.

We ought to be willing to pay for it. We ought not to profit by the labor and the hardships incurred by the employees of the railways, by the anxiety and risk involved in the responsible management of the railways, without paying a fair equivalent. The firemen believe they are not getting a fair equivalent for their labor and their hardship and their responsibility. There is no doubt that, with the increased speed which we all demand, and with the increased loads that the trains carry, there is increased responsibility and increased work. As one engineer who testified before the Arbitration Commission said:

> When you increase the size of your locomotive, you increase the duties of the men who drive it. Engines nowadays are heavier, they stand higher, making it harder to get aboard them, and they are more dangerous to work on. Firemen should always have a guard-chain when they are firing. It is dangerous enough, anyway, on a fast-moving locomotive, but it is doubly dangerous when you are firing. Then, too, engines are harder-riding nowadays than they used to be.
>
> Yes, it's true that engines haven't increased in size in the last two years, but there are more big engines in commission to-day than there were two years ago. Besides, you have to consider the fact that the weight of the train behind the engine counts a lot in the engineman's work. It makes a big difference. The more tons the train weighs, the more steam you require, and the more work there is for the fireman.

No one can contend that firemen are overpaid. There undoubtedly are some forms of labor that are less adequately rewarded than that of the men who keep the fires going under the engine boiler, but that is no reason for regarding these men as adequately paid. Yet, if they are to be paid higher wages, where shall the money come from? Shall it come from the treasuries of the railways themselves? Shall higher wages for the enginemen mean less money to pay on railway extension, railway improvements, and increased efficiency in roadbed and rolling-stock? There was a time in the history of the country when the earnings of railways were squandered and the treasuries of railways were looted, and the money that should have gone into the pockets of those who were carrying on the work of the railways, in low station or in high office, was filched to swell the hoards of men who had no right to the money. That era of railway financial wrecking is past. If the railways are to be operated efficiently and to render the service that we expect of them, their treasuries must not be depleted. There must be money there to meet the obligations incurred toward stockholders, toward railway officers, and toward the shippers and passengers who buy transportation.

The demands of the firemen would, it is estimated, increase the cost of the operation of these railways by some seven and a half millions of dollars annually. Where are those millions of dollars to be obtained? If they are not to come out of the sums now spent for improvements and for the payment of interest on bonds, and of dividends and of salaries, are they to come from the pockets of those who use the railways, and who already find the cost of living too high? Shall we pay more for our food and our clothing and our transportation because the firemen are to be paid greater wages? Are the rest of us to feel more keenly the high cost of living because the firemen themselves, like the rest of us, are feeling keenly that high cost of living? Are the rest of us to find our burdens increased that the firemen may have their burdens lightened?

There is, we believe, a way out. We think it is easily possible that the firemen may get

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their increased pay without any increased burden upon the railway treasury or upon the pockets of the people.

In the hearings two years ago before the Inter-State Commerce Commission there was evidence produced to show that the use of fuel on the railway locomotives could be greatly reduced. What was then shown has since been confirmed by successful experiments. The testimony as to what has been accomplished on the Erie Railroad has been substantiated by what has been accomplished on the Lehigh Valley. The tests show that the saving of coal can easily be as much as a quarter of what is now used, and theoretically can amount to as much as one-half. In the course of the hearings two years ago Mr. Brandeis elicited from one witness an interesting story. Finding the work of the fireman on the locomotive exhausting, he set about to see how his labor could be reduced. He discovered that by following a certain method of firing he need use only three-quarters of the coal that he otherwise would use. This meant only three-quarters as much shoveling, and, consequently, three-quarters of the toil; but it also meant to the railway company three-quarters of the expense. The coal consumption of the railways of the country, according to Mr. L. C. Fitch, Chief Engineer of the Chicago Great Western Railway, is over two hundred million dollars. If, under proper management, scientific methods of shoveling were adopted, the railways, it seems, could save much more than the seven and a half millions which the firemen demand.

This increased pay could be made dependent upon the conditions imposed upon their work. If they followed the instructions which would lead to the saving, they could be allowed a bonus. This is the method of scientific management. To many labor unions scientific management has a bad sound. It suggests to them "speeding up." This, however, is plainly the opposite of "speeding up," for the saving of fuel would necessarily involve a saving in the amount of shoveling to be done, and therefore a saving of fatiguing effort on the part of the firemen. Scientific management to some labor men suggests ultimately the cutting of pay. In this case, however, that is out of the question, for this is a matter that is settled by an outside tribunal, and therefore the wages question is not in the hands solely of the railway managers. Scientific management also, to the minds of some labor unions, means the discharging of employees through the saving of labor. In this case, however, that is impossible, because the demand for the labor—that is, for the operation of trains—is constant.

Here is an opportunity for a labor union, for railway managers, and for the public to unite in a policy that will mean increased efficiency, reduction in cost, and a relief from a measure of toilsome labor.

THE NEXT GENERATION

Perhaps it will come during the next generation—at least one hopes it will be the next. But the wheel is a huge one, and it takes a long time for it to come full circle. Perhaps our children are only the fathers or grandfathers of the men and women who are to realize our dream.

We are preparing it for them now; its elements are in our hands. Out of our recent skepticism, out of the materialism that has hampered us for so long, we are at last setting ourselves to shape an old, old vision, the brightest thing about which mankind has ever concerned itself—the enduring, growing vision of the City of God. In other words, having been rationalistic and scientific and worldly-wise, we are now about to become religious once more.

It is curious that such a vitally important thing as religion should ever suffer eclipse. One wonders if it does. One would like to think that an obviously materialistic world was still religious at heart, holding to God by some other name, or serving him unconsciously. And perhaps fundamentally this is true. The essential relation between God and man cannot be lost without the destruction of the universe. Creation is religion. But, just as the full meaning of friendship implies reciprocity and is defeated by one-sidedness, so the term religion goes crippled unless it betokens a conscious response between Creator and creature. Individuals, many of them, have always been religious; but the world at large has not been religious for a great many years. It is a tremendous turning for which we are preparing the way.

So whole-hearted are we in this preparation that sometimes it seems as if we, too, might be called a religious generation. People are deeply concerned about righteousness; they are on fire to help one another, and to reform the evils of civilization. There was never a time when good works bulked

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larger in the desire and approbation of the world. Is not helpfulness a kind of religion? Surely, love is, and self-sacrifice. These are beginning to make our old world a brotherly habitation. We are freely giving out the best that we have in us. And yet not quite the best, after all. Service is the fruit of religion, and is wonderfully good; but the seed at the heart of the fruit is that for which the tree and the apple and the universe were made. The fruit belongs to the world, and welcome; but the seed belongs to God, and must be planted again and again that fresh life may spring up and worship him. The circular plan on which the world is built compels it to seem to work backward now and then; and we are at present engaged in arriving at the seed through the fruit. When men have found it and planted it, their souls will once more grow up towards heaven. Mankind was made for worship. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is only the natural corollary to "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment."

That means that we are all one in the matter. We understand this. The mystical truth of our world-unity is never absent from our consciousness, for we are grounded in it. But we interpret all things according to the temper of our age; and, the present age being objective and active, we view our unity objectively. Since we are one, we make haste to distribute ourselves, to devote ourselves. But why, since we are one, should not each of us sometimes see to it that his small drop of the common stream is headed straight for the ocean, that his prism fully reflects the sun? Every man helps or hinders his neighbor by the mere attitude of his soul.

It is for this reason that one hopes that the next generation will fill its churches more compactly than we fill ours. Of course it is true that worship can spring up and find its goal from every point of earth. But churches have, by common consent, been built and set apart for the particular function of worship. They stand to us for the things of the spirit; they are recognized Jacob's ladders. As a mere matter of loyalty, a truly religious nation would want to frequent its churches. Moreover, there is nothing like a great congregation of people for constraining heaven. Individual souls have their own powers of adoration and persuasion; they can venture far. But it takes a multitude, each helping each, to carry every one on the immensity of the Ocean which is the world's common origin and destiny. The God of the closet is a present God, infinitely tender and patient; but he is partial, responding only to the special need of the petitioner. The God of the cathedral is glorious, as many-sided, as rich in response as the congregation soliciting him; and each separate prayer is answered more fully because of the neighboring prayer which overlaps it. The tragedy of our present semi-religion lies in the fact that not even those of us who most desire God can know him fully because of the vast, unknown regions of him which only our neighbors can open up to us. Not until all the world is religious can any person or group of persons be so with completeness.

In the eagerness of expectation, it must nevertheless be admitted that there are some people who do not think that the world is becoming religious. There are even some sober thinkers who say that civilization has done with religion and is about to leave it forever behind. But what in the world can they possibly mean? Civilization can no more dispense with religion than the fruit can dispense with the seed. Nay, the parallel is closer than that. As we suggested, the very act of creation is religious in its nature. It is the eternal question to which our reply comes as the completion of the only statement that matters. God always does his part toward us whether or not we do our part toward him, and, though our silence is intermittent, his question sounds forever. Therefore, in a fundamental and seemingly paradoxical sense, religion can become extinct only through its complete fulfillment, through the carrying of the river of the world bodily into the Sea. When that happens, the universe will be no more.

But how shall we prove ourselves to the doubters who say that the turning is not yet? It is natural that, feeling no instinct in themselves, they should demand a solid assurance. Here it is, then: By their fruits ye shall know them. By those very fruits which we have just found to be not quite enough for the full life of the spirit. For there is no doubting their nature, nor the nature of the seeds which they must contain. Grapes of compassion, figs of brotherhood, apples of comfort—these do not bring forth anything less than the perfect love of God. Do men plant grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?

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HOW TO PREVENT FLOODS

A POLL OF THE PRESS

THE floods in the Middle West have been unusually early this year. They have been the most destructive, both of life and of property, ever experienced. "No like disaster has ever been known in this country before," asserts the Topeka "Capital," "not even the awful Johnstown flood." Says the New York "World:" "These floods are vastly more destructive in life and property than any others before known, because the country is more thickly settled than ever before, and because the works of men are greater and more costly than ever before."

Ohio and Indiana are powerful States, but how weak and incompetent they seem "with the swollen rivers sweeping over their towns and cities, carrying off the people by the hundreds," says the Sioux City, Iowa, "Tribune," and adds, "Better engineers, better captains of industry, are called for . . . to safeguard human life."

The most important lesson to be drawn from the floods of this spring is the need for a thorough and comprehensive study of the problem of preventing flood-damage, asserts the Buffalo "Express." "This year's freshets have been so extraordinary that they should afford very valuable data if adequately studied." The "Express" adds:

> It is hoped, therefore, that as soon as the pressure of relief work has relaxed the United States Government will make some provision for taking up this subject. It cannot very well be left to local or even to State energies, because the floods are necessarily inter-State in their effects, at least, if not in the areas immediately inundated.
>
> A careful scientific study of the flood heights reached in the different river valleys of the Middle West this spring, before the marks of them have been obliterated, would be of great value as a guide in future protective work, since these floods have risen to about the greatest height ever reached in the districts affected.

Another Buffalo paper, the "News," poohpoohs the proposal that there shall be a scientific study of the whole question. "There is no earthly need of any such thing as a scientific study," it avers, and summarizes its reason therefor as follows:

> Nothing is more familiar in the experience of mankind than that cutting down the forests to an unreasonable extent invariably leads to floods and to erosion of soil, and, generally speaking, to enormous damage to farming country as well as to cities and villages that lie in the path of streams.
>
> Hardly any other lesson in our human experience is more deeply and bitterly written than that of the folly of neglect to preserve a certain proportion of forest lands with a view to security of inhabitants.
>
> Some marvel that in the generations past, say in the early days of the settlement of the Central West, as well as of the eastern part of the United States, there were no such disastrous floods as we have to-day, but it is all accounted for by having the land so cleared that as soon as rain falls or snow melts it immediately goes down grade with the utmost speed into creeks and rivers and begins its work of destruction.
>
> Formerly there was enough of forestry to make a sort of natural reservoir that should hold back the waters. We shall have to reforest the country to a reasonable extent. . . .

Hence the first preventive of flood is

FORESTATION

"The wind no man can tame. Like the earthquake, it is a hazard which civilization must accept. But floods are, in part, man-made. Once the Miami Valley, the pathway of the latest horror of the angry waters, was tree-clad and root-bound against excess of moisture. Then man came, saw gold in the standing timber, and felled it covetously and ignorantly." So asserts the Sault St. Marie "Evening News," and asks: "The greed that felled those noble trees, the carelessness and ignorance that stripped those narrow watercourses to the fatal onrush of the raging torrent—shall they not come under a resolution of abatement?"

We see examples of forest-destruction in many parts of the world, notably in China, where, according to the Sioux Falls "Press," to mention only the most notable floods, in 1833 no less than ten thousand persons were drowned by the floods; in 1888, three thousand; in 1904, over a thousand; while last year the floods made China the scene of a particularly dreadful disaster.

If floods are frequently reported from the Chinese Empire, they are seldom reported from Europe, but even there, in Paris itself, the people "who have a most compelling reason to strive to keep their Seine within bounds, have not been able to previse against all contingencies, as witness the overflow of that stream three years ago," the Galveston "News" points out. But, as

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the Knoxville "Sentinel" comments: "After the last Seine flood the French Government took steps to afforest slopes which have been injudiciously denuded. It may be necessary for Ohio and Indiana to do likewise." Their own recent disaster has caused French foresters to take a special interest in ours. M. Daubray, Inspector of Forests, together with all the technical authorities in the French Ministry of Agriculture, agree, so we learn from the New York "Tribune," "that the destruction of forests near the sources of rivers and on high plateaus and hills is the primary cause of the Ohio disaster;" moreover, this opinion is shared by our Ambassador in France, the Hon. Myron T. Herrick, formerly Governor of Ohio, who states that "for many years Governors of States where floods are now raging have repeatedly impressed upon Legislatures and the public the urgent necessity of enacting stringent laws based on the scientific experience of France and Germany for protecting forests from devastation and wholesale destruction." The present catastrophe is attributed by Ambassador Herrick to this waste of forests, "which, by timely legislation, could have been avoided." He urges that no time should be lost "in taking energetic measures to replant tracts of land so improvidently denuded of trees." Finally, the Ambassador regrets that "the wise provision of law embodied in all leases of land in the rural districts of France, requiring the lessee to plant a tree whenever a tree dies or is removed, does not apply in Ohio and Indiana." Such provision, it is added, "is merely one of many precautions to protect French trees, and if enforced during the last thirty years in Ohio and Indiana would have prevented the present disaster."

Turning from France to England, we find similar expressions of opinion in the editorials of London newspapers, summed up in the "Daily Mail's" charge that "one cause of the floods is undoubtedly to be found in the destruction of forests." The "Daily Mail" emphasizes "the extreme importance of the campaign now being carried on in the United States for the protection of the remaining forests and the reforestation of denuded areas."

RESERVOIRS

When Senator Newlands failed, near the close of the last session of Congress, to compel the adoption of his amendment to the River and Harbor Bill, he had the satisfaction, asserts the New York "Tribune," of knowing that he was leading a movement "with which his less constructive colleagues would some day tumble over one another to catch up. He was a statesman ahead of the times." The Tribune adds:

> Probably he would have remained ahead of them for many more sessions of Congress had not the floods in the Ohio Valley suddenly brought out with dramatic vividness the need of some large measure of co-operation between the Federal Government and the States for the control as well as the utilization of waterways subject to ravaging floods.

When Mr. Newlands introduces his Waterway Commission scheme in the new Congress, he will, declares the "Tribune," be listened to as a man who foresaw dangers to which most of his associates remained blind. The New York paper thus outlines the Newlands scheme:

> His plan for State and Federal co-operation in improving and regulating the river systems of the country will have to be considered, because it seems to clear the way to a study of one of the crucial problems of the near future. The conservation of natural resources includes not only the preservation of forests and mineral lands in trust for the future, but also the control of water power in such a way as to aid navigation and industry and to prevent destruction.

A chief feature of Senator Newlands's comprehensive plan for treating the river problem is the control of the rivers at their head by means of a system of reservoirs that would check floods and feed streams in dry weather. We need, asserts the Galveston "News," "to develop deliberately and systematically a policy of protection that would involve . . . the building of numerous huge reservoirs that would somewhat regulate the flow of streams, whether drought or flood come." It is obvious, however, that this protective device may fail if the amount of water exceeds the calculations upon which the works were constructed, warns the Buffalo "Express," and adds:

> Storage reservoirs are a popular subject of discussion because of their use for power development; but their value as a means of flood prevention is questionable. At best they can take care only of the surplus waters above the points where they are built, and a heavy precipitation in the lower portions of a valley may cause a flood independent of the reservoir. This has happened in Ohio. Moreover, there is always the danger that the reservoir itself may give way, when the disaster would be much greater than if it never had been built. In most cases a series of relatively small reservoirs

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probably would give greater protection than a single large reservoir.

LATERAL CHANNELS

The simple and comparatively inexpensive plan of digging lateral channels and lakes to carry off surplus water, adds the Buffalo "Express," is seldom used in this country, perhaps because Americans have their minds fixed on the incidental benefits that may be obtained from deep channels for navigation and from power development. The enormous losses from this year's floods might well satisfy everybody that it would be the truest economy to make flood prevention the first object of all work for stream regulation, treating the development of power and navigation as purely incidental. But in any event it would pay to study thoroughly these freshets of 1913."

DEEPENING CHANNELS

The Hon. Franklin K. Lane is Secretary of the Interior. In an interview with a New York "Times" reporter the Secretary detailed a plan for preventing floods. A chief feature of the plan is the deepening and widening of the channel of all streams liable to flood conditions. Because of its reclamation features such a plan would fall within the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior. Aside from the protection against flood, the plan would open widespread districts along the rivers to settlement, and the land thus reclaimed from the swamps might go a long way to reimburse the States for the appropriations they would be called to make. "The Reclamation Service," said the Secretary, as reported, "is usually regarded as relating to the arid lands of the West which are reclaimed by bringing water from the mountains, but in another way reclamation is a great problem in the Mississippi Valley and the East. Here, of course, the land is not arid, and there is no scarcity of water. But the water is to be removed from the land, and that is as fit subject for reclamation work as that now being carried on in the desert lands out West." Mr. Lane adds, as reported:

The reclamation of these overwatered lands, however, to be of real value, must be preceded by systematic work on the channels of the streams draining the areas to be improved. The disaster at Dayton illustrates the point. The trouble was simply that the neck of the bottle was too small for the water to run out. The rain fell in torrents, and with no unobstructed channel to the sea the water simply backed up over the river banks. The rainstorm, I know, was phenomenal, and even with the system I have suggested would have doubtless resulted in material damage and the loss of some lives. But flood conditions reappear every spring in some noticeable way, and my plan would obviate most of the resulting damage.

It will not do for Ohio or Indiana, or even the two States together, to spend their money generously in clearing the beds of the streams within their boundaries. That would merely carry the flood more swiftly to the State lines to the south, and the water would back more angrily than ever into what would quickly be great lakes. The thing is too large for the States alone. A harmonious, scientific system must be worked out by the Federal authorities, and the States must then make their contributions in the way that will do the most good to the whole valley affected.

GOVERNMENT HELP

To the Knoxville "Sentinel" an obvious lesson of the recent disaster is that protective works ought to be built with care, without sparing money, and under competent supervision, whether they are built by a private corporation, a municipality, the State, or the Nation. This brings up the question of Government authority and help.

As to help from the separate States, there should be no erection of dams and impounding of water, says the "Sentinel," "without a permit from a competent State engineer." Commenting on this, the Sacramento "Bee" remarks that "so far in California there has been no State control of dam-building." The "Bee" adds:

Immense reservoirs have been made in the mountains, to serve the purposes of mining, irrigation, or generation of electricity, but all without State supervision, regulation, or control.

In all cases it has been assumed that self-interest would suffice to make the dams secure. But experience in other States and countries has demonstrated the folly of such reliance.

In many instances flood catastrophes have shown that corporations often begrudge the expenditure of money needed to make reservoirs permanent and safe. Mining companies commonly do not build dams to last for long periods, and even the builders of dams for electric power purposes may look forward to a sale of their entire plant and water rights, rather than to a permanency.

As to aid from the Federal Government, the Knoxville "Sentinel" declares that—

The army engineering corps could be employed wisely and usefully in inspecting, reporting on, and, if necessary, condemning works erected in the drainage area of navigable streams, and in keeping watch over the condition of their channels, lest they be choked up with floating débris or silted up with detritus, sewage, factory drainage, and the like.

Our rivers have been abused. The Government has the right to abate these abuses.

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HAMPTON REVISITED

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

FOR those readers to whom the word Hampton Institute will be unmeaning, it must suffice here to say in this paragraph that at the close of the Civil War General Armstrong was put in charge of a camp of emancipated negroes in the immediate vicinity of Old Point Comfort; that he proceeded to set at work the men and women and to gather into a school the children; and that out of this humble beginning has grown the present Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. It occupies a hundred and eighty-five acres on the shore of Hampton River, with one hundred and thirteen buildings, including instructors' cottages, and carries on, six miles distant, a farm of five hundred and eighty-seven acres, which is cultivated exclusively by the students and furnishes the Institute with milk, butter, eggs, hogs, and, I believe, fowls for the table. It has about nine hundred pupils besides those taught in the Summer School and the little children taught in the Training School by the Normal students. A little over five hundred of the students are boys, a little under four hundred are girls.

I went to Hampton for a fortnight holiday. It seems a little incongruous to go for rest to one of the busiest spots in America, for Hampton is one of America's busiest spots. It knows no eight-hour day. The pupils breakfast at six; they go to bed at half-past nine; and, except for a brief military drill, the time devoted to meals, and two or three hours for free recreation, most of them are engaged from breakfast to bedtime either in the class-room or in the workshops, which are also class-rooms. It is, nevertheless, a delightful place in which to spend a holiday. The spirit of the school constantly recalls the phrase of Kipling, "And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame," but all for the joy of working. I do not propose in this article to attempt any description of the Institute, but only to suggest certain educational principles which its example illustrates, and which make it, in my judgment, one of the leading educational institutions in America.

Many years ago I said to a famous teacher not now living that I should think he would find teaching the same lesson year after year to successive classes a monotonous task. He replied, with a characteristic smile, "That is because you are an editor. An editor is interested in new themes. A teacher is interested in new pupils." These teachers at Hampton Institute are interested in their pupils. If you were to ask one of them, "What are you teaching?" and she answered correctly, she would say, "Boys and girls." To take these boys and girls as they come to Hampton, with often very slight preparatory training, and fit them to be useful citizens in the Republic, is the problem which fascinates these teachers. The dull pupil is as interesting to them as the bright one, provided he is eager to learn. General Armstrong years ago expressed the aim of Hampton Institute in the following words:

> To train selected . . . youth who shall go out and teach and lead their people, first by example by getting lands and homes; to give them not a dollar that they can earn for themselves; to teach respect for labor; to replace stupid drudgery with skilled hands; and to these ends to build up an industrial system, for the sake not only of self-support and intelligent labor, but also for the sake of character.

This is the aim of these teachers. To see reluctance to labor replaced by respect for labor, stupid drudgery replaced by skilled hands, self-regret replaced by self-respect, intelligent industry growing into a habit, boys and girls developing into strong men and strong women—what could be a more fascinating task than this to one who has the faith to see its present significance and its future result? It is the joy of doing this work that keeps these teachers here on salaries much less than they could earn at the North. I somewhat doubt whether there is one of them who could not write of herself what General Armstrong wrote in his diary, "I do not know what self-sacrifice means," so complete is the self-devotion to their chosen work. One teacher said to me, "I do not know that I ought to remain here; perhaps I ought to go North and be laying up a little money; but I cannot bear the thought of leaving this work."

One secret of the interest of both teachers and pupils in their work is their realization of the fact that this education which the teachers are giving and the pupils are receiving is a direct preparation for life. In the teaching at Hampton Institute there is nothing scholastic, speculative, formal, or conventional; it is all vital. These students are all eager to get out into life and earn for themselves a living and the respect

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of their neighbors, and the teaching is so conducted that they are able to see that every day's lesson marks one day's progress toward this desired result. The Trade School is fitting boys directly to be successful in blacksmithing, cabinet-making, tailoring, wheelwrighting, and other similar trades, and the academic classes are conducted so as to cooperate with the practical work in the shops in making not merely skilled but also intelligent mechanics. Domestic science is taught the girls in the same fashion. There is, for example, an inn on the grounds known as the Holly Tree Inn, where any one who wishes to visit Hampton may find room and board, provided the Inn is not already full. All the service of this Inn, whether in the kitchen, in the dining-room, or in the chambers, is carried on by the pupils under the immediate direction of a professor of domestic science. All their work in this Inn is marked, failures are counted on the one hand, good work is counted on the other, and the result determines their getting a diploma. Thus every meal at the Inn is a recitation, and the guests are a kind of examining board. There is no paid service in the Inn, except as the students are paid for their service, as hereinafter described. There is a paid *chef* in the great dining-hall, where some eight hundred students and I know not how many teachers are fed three times a day; but there is only one paid *chef*. All the rest of the service is rendered by the students as a part of their domestic science course. Every meal is a recitation, as it is in the Inn, and the service, as in the Inn, is rendered under the instructor's supervision. One might doubt how good the service would be under such a system. I can only say that the meals, though simple, were delicious, and my room service has never been better in any hotel or private house than it was during my stay at Hampton. My traveling companion says, "If you have had it as good, you have been lucky." It should be added that when the girls have completed their education in this branch of domestic service, they make way for a new class to take their places; and it should also be added that the object of this training is not to make domestic servants but to make teachers of domestic science or superintendents and housekeepers.

The same spirit animates and the same methods are pursued in the academic classes. I attended the class in Sociology. The students were discussing, under the guidance of the teacher, the very practical question, How, in a community like that of America, men of different languages, religious faiths, and races could live happily and prosperously together. I attended the Psychology class. It belongs to the Normal course and is conducted in preparation of the students for the work of teaching. When a boy, called on by the teacher, began to answer her question by saying, "The book says ——," she interrupted him with a smile, saying, "That will do; you can sit down." The question before the class that morning was the difference between an image and a concept. As the hour drew toward its close, the teacher called on two students in succession to speak for five minutes on that subject, giving to them five minutes in which to make as clear a statement as they could, in their own words and with illustrations drawn from their own experience, of the difference.

That the students are trained to think, not merely to acquire from a text-book and repeat to a teacher information, and to do their thinking, not upon scholastic or speculative questions, but upon questions that are practical and vital, received a striking illustration from one incident in my stay. I have been accustomed to hold what is called a "Question Drawer" from time to time in different schools and colleges. I accepted an invitation to hold such a "Question Drawer" with the members of the two upper classes at Hampton. I expected the usual theoretical questions, and a few such were handed to me, such as, "What becomes of the people that die without knowing Christ?" "Is the story of the creation true?" "How did Isaiah know all the things that were going to happen to Christ?" but most of them had very directly to do with the practical life into which the students foresaw themselves entering. A few sample questions I transfer here from my notes:

What effect do you think the Wilson Administration will have upon the Negroes of the South?

What do you think about a college education for the Negro?

Shall we as Negroes strive for our social and political rights, or should we qualify ourselves to merit them and trust the rest to the fair-mindedness of the American people?

How should one who expects to settle in a rural district start to change some things which he believes to be wrong along the line of worship?

Do you think dancing is for the best development of young people?

What means of investment would you recom-

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mend to a young man just starting out in life after finishing school?

What would you do to keep boys and girls in school after they have reached the age of fourteen or fifteen years?

Which do you think has the stronger influence on a man's life, heredity or environment?

I do not stop here to comment on the deep significance of some of these questions or on the pathos of others of them. My object in quoting these questions is simply to show that Hampton is teaching the boys and girls to think for themselves.

Not less characteristic of Hampton Institute than the spirit of practical thoughtfulness is the spirit of hopefulness which it is inspiring, all the more effectively because indirectly. In the first place, Hampton gives to every applicant who possesses aspiration and industry, and a reasonable amount of physical and intellectual equipment, a chance to prepare himself for life. A boy applies for admission to Hampton. A series of questions is sent to him, which he must answer. The examination of the letter which he sends in reply furnishes the best kind of test of his ability to write grammatically and intelligently. If his letter is ungrammatical and unintelligent, his application is rejected. There is a hint in this for our colleges. A month or two ago the "Ladies' Home Journal" published some letters which it had received from members of the senior class in several of our women's colleges. These letters gave lamentable evidence that the seniors who wrote them either did not know how to write a grammatical letter or did not think it worth while to take the pains to do so. It is doubtful whether the "Ladies' Home Journal" would have gotten any better results if it had written to seniors in the boys' colleges.

If the Hampton student's letter is satisfactory, he has some further examination to pass, a satisfactory certificate of moral character is required, and on entering he must bring twenty-one dollars in his pocket. Ten dollars pays his incidental expenses for four years; eleven dollars pays his board, lodging, clothing, and laundry for the first month. Thereafter he is provided by the school with work which enables him to pay all his living expenses while at Hampton. The money for this work is not paid him in cash; he is credited with it on account of his board, room, etc. The students make in the tailoring department clothes for the boys, in the dressmakers' department clothes for the girls, and through the carpentry, bricklaying, and cabinet-making departments they have constructed nearly all the buildings on the ground and provided much of the furniture. Careful accounts are kept, they are credited at market rates of payment with the service rendered, and the service is rendered under the direction of instructors, so that the industry is also educational. In any of our colleges a white boy may earn his way, provided he has enterprise and initiative to discover a paying industry for himself. But I do not know of any school for white boys which pledges itself to provide a self-supporting industry for its students. This Hampton does for all its students.

Nor is this the only secret of the spirit of hopefulness which is so atmospheric at Hampton. The boys and girls being educated for life find themselves equipped at the end of the four years to earn their self-support. There is a greater demand from the South for Hampton graduates than Hampton can supply. I wonder how many college students, both boys and girls, will be rather anxiously wondering next July what they are going to do for a living when their college career ends. I rather think not a single Hampton graduate will find that problem confronting him. His only perplexity will be how to choose between one or more opportunities—a perplexity illustrated by the following typical question addressed to me in the "Question Drawer" by a Hampton pupil: "I come from a town which I love dearly, and I feel that I could help the people from which I came. But the work which I have chosen calls me to the country. This work I love and would like to follow. I have been trying to think of some way in which I can do both. I would like your opinion."

I have not attempted to give any complete or adequate portraiture of Hampton Institute. I have not given even any hint of its wonderful extension work throughout Virginia and indeed throughout the South. I have only tried to report to my readers two or three impressions which this revisit to Hampton has enforced upon me respecting the function of a true education. I should like to see an institution modeled after Hampton in its most essential features in every section of the country, having for its object the preparation of intelligent as well as of skilled mechanics. But I should still more like to see the essential spirit of Hampton pervading every educational institution in the country

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from the primary school to the university. I do not wish to see them made trade schools or even in any technical sense vocational schools, but there are two Hampton axioms upon which our educators ought, it seems to me, to build the American educational system. They are these:

The object of education is preparation for life.

The test of life is capacity for service.

And this system ought to be so organized that whether the pupil goes out from his educational course at the end of the grammar school, or of the high school, or of the college, or of the university, or of the professional school, he should go out equipped to be an intelligent, industrious, self-supporting, self-respecting citizen of the Republic.

THE DISASTER AT DAYTON

BY ARTHUR RUHL

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

Mr. Ruhl, whose work as a newspaper and magazine writer is everywhere known, was sent out to the flooded districts by The Outlook at the very earliest possible date. This, his first article, is derived from careful observation in the field, and is largely in the nature of direct graphic impressions. It will be followed by a second article, also largely of personal impression, but occupied also with a discussion of causes and possible prevention.—THE EDITORS.

Dayton, April 1.

OUR relief train, the third special from New York, picked its way slowly southward from Toledo through the night, and reached Dayton shortly after daybreak—the fifth morning after that wall of muddy water rolled down on and over the town. The Miami and the Mad had returned to their channels, the water had left all but the lower quarters of the city, most of the dead had been found. The terror and immediate danger were over, and in the soft stillness of a bright spring morning the thousands who had little chance to think of anything but of saving others and themselves from death began to turn to the difficult business of living.

The sight and the task which faced them are not easily described. Except to those who have seen a city emerge from such a flood, the ordinary adjectives convey little meaning. You must see this chaos concretely and in detail—crushed houses everywhere, the barn from a block away tossed into your front yard, trees torn up by the roots and jammed through second-story windows, pianos pasted about like stamps, dead horses sprawling along sodden streets. And you must see and smell and slip in and become smeared with the universal mud.

This mud—fine, black, slimy river silt—was in and over everything. It was as if the first story of all the houses and shops and office buildings—and there were eight or ten square miles submerged in the heart of Dayton—were a mold into which had been poured so much of this infinitely penetrating thin plaster. When the water left, everything that it had touched—walls, furniture, pictures, books, carpets, the goods on merchants' shelves—was coated with this uniform filth. It lay three or four inches deep on all floors—black, sloppy, evil-smelling.

From every door, up and down miles of streets, this fair spring morning, they were shoveling it forth. With snow-shovels, pans, pails, they pushed it across carpets to the front door, and thence, slopping and splashing, down the steps over the sidewalk into the street. Through these open front doors you could see it smeared over stairways, dripping from chandeliers. On the sodden lawns in front of these houses, arm-chairs, upholstered seats, tables, lamps, soaked and solid with it, were drying in the sun. Everywhere they were struggling with it—the poor, whose one-story frame houses were smeared to the eaves; in the more well-to-do neighborhoods, women whose spring hats contrasted oddly with their plastered boots and skirts, alongside their husbands and sons and Negroes hired from the street.

I saw one woman in knickerbockers and rubber boots calmly shoveling the black paste from her parlor window. An elderly gentleman in one of the finer houses asked me to

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step in and look round. The whole house had been covered up to the second story. The dining-room fireplace was still half full of straw swept there by the current. Outside the window was the muddy heap of what had once been his library. "I've been collecting those for fifty years," he said. There, too, was a large steel engraving of the kind much valued a generation ago. "There were only five of those in the State," he said. A little further down the street a huge Oriental rug lay over the front lawn like so much rhinoceros hide. At another house near by, where a lady kept watch while her silver was carried into the yard, the lower floor was covered four inches deep.

The sight of this unexpected, reptilian substance, burying soft carpets and the usually inviolate household gods, brought home to the outsider the inhuman ruthlessness of such a flood even more, perhaps, than crushed houses or the poor, still figures in the morgue. One is prepared for smashed and overturned houses, for the sight of death. But about this black and glistening slime, mordant as dye, unescapable as a volatile gas, soaked into the fiber of cloth, worked into the pages of books, there was something malignant and strange. It struck one like a personal indignity, as if smeared on one's own flesh.

If its effects were disheartening here, they were even more so in the business part of the town. People who can afford fine houses can probably refurnish them, but it is not so easy to restock a dry-goods store or a grocery. There is almost no insurance in our country for damage by flood, and nearly every store in Dayton was a mere black, dripping cavern. Bolts of cloth were heaped in the gutter, and piles of shoes like so much coal or potatoes. Here was a big iron works, with all its milling machinery rusted and clogged with mud. I went into a warehouse with a young man who had caught our relief train at Toledo. He had come from Chicago to see what might have become of the sugar his father had stored there. There was nothing left but the bags; the sugar had dissolved away. "There goes $150,000," he said.

The flood at Dayton came, not from broken reservoirs, as was at first thought, nor any untoward act of nature—merely from the rising of the river swollen by a wide-spread but scarcely astonishing rain. How such a disaster could come from such a cause deserves some explanation.

Dayton is a city of about 100,000 people, lying in a broad, level valley on both banks of the Miami River, between two lines of hills. It is an attractive town, to which some thoughtful pioneer gave main streets of unusual width—a Northern town with a Southern flavor, just beginning to show a few skyscrapers above the lower buildings of its earlier days, and take on some of the graces of a city.

The Miami, a shallow stream, about 600 feet wide in normal times, comes down from the north, is joined about a mile above the town by the Stillwater, and just at the city's edge by the Mad River, which comes in almost at right angles from the east. The combined water of the three streams, which drain southwestern Ohio, swings westward and back again in a curve which embraces the business section and the finer residences of the town.

In times of high water, before a city grew up here, the river may have leaped its banks, crossed this curve, and taken the shorter and straighter path through what is now the center of the city. As it is, dikes force it into the longer course. and its natural channel has been further narrowed by encroachments of various sorts. Land has been filled in by dumping and the river spanned by a number of low bridges. Instead of starting some distance back from the shore and sweeping across on a higher, longer curve—as it now seems they should have been built—the arches begin at the edge of the water. When the flood came down, these low arches and heavy piers were choked with débris, and each bridge became a dam, further to raise the water and pour it over the levees into the town. Two of these bridges, one a solid, steel-girder bridge, loaded down with heavy coal cars, went out in the flood.

Now the country which the Miami system drains has greater extremes of elevation than either of the other two river systems of the State, the Scioto in central Ohio and the Muskingum in the east. It rises and throws off its waters quickly, and, in addition to such man-made obstacles as Dayton had raised, its natural speed had been accelerated by the work of hundreds of thrifty farmers. The valley which extends northward from Dayton almost to Lima is fertile and highly cultivated. Timber and brush have been cleared away, swamps drained, every natural sponge to soak up and hold the rain refined away. Fields that look uniform at a distance are often gashed with gullies ten

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or fifteen feet deep, down which the rain races as soon as it falls—in short, a thoroughly modern river—one of the many which, if this appalling waste from floods is to be stopped, our people must seriously reckon with.

Such were the general conditions when there fell over nearly the whole State of Ohio an unusual rain. It came on the heels of the cyclone, a stray arm of which reached out and struck Omaha, and soaked and pounded the already saturated soil. We ran into the fringe of it between Cleveland and Toledo, two hundred miles north of Dayton. The Lake Shore telegraph poles were down for miles, broken off short in the middle or fallen over out of the ooze which was no longer solid enough to sustain them; fields were dripping, and little peach trees, offering only two or three feet of surface above ground, had been whipped out by the roots.

Communication with the outside world here in Dayton is still so slight that I cannot give the figures for the rainfall elsewhere, but there is no doubt that it was widespread and heavy. No astonishing downpour is needed, however, to produce astonishing results on such a nervous, highly civilized stream as the Miami. A rainfall of two inches for one day, or of from three-fourths to one and three-fourths inches for two days in succession, in the winter time, over a considerable part of the watershed—I quote the figures of the Dayton branch of the Weather Bureau—will carry the river above eleven feet and flood farm lands below Dayton. (This distance is measured from the extreme low-water mark at the Main Street bridge in Dayton.) Eighteen feet is flood stage, and in 1908 18.3 feet was reached after a rainfall of but one inch a day over the entire watershed for a period of three days with the ground already saturated.

There was some rain on the Sunday preceding the flood, about half an inch on Sunday night, and two inches and a half on Monday. By Monday night it was evident that the river was going to be high, especially when word came down from Piqua, thirty-three miles upstream, that nearly four inches of rain had fallen. Flood water reaches Dayton from Piqua in about ten hours generally, although it has been known to come down in three. When it does reach Dayton it is generally about two and a half feet higher than at Piqua.

With a fairly heavy local rain, then, and still heavier rains up the river, the citizens of Dayton went to bed on Monday with the river still below the eleven-foot stage. By three o'clock that morning, while most of them were sound asleep, the flood stage of 18.4 feet was reached, and then, just as people were going to work or coming down to breakfast or thinking of waking up, according to their habit of life, "it all came at once!"

That is to say, the water, which reached a stage of 29 feet Tuesday night, got to a point where levees could not hold it, and came pouring over them into the town. There were several breaks in the levees, but with the water as high as it was and dammed higher by the bridges, it would have come over the levees anyway. In places it cleared them by a good six or eight feet. The highest previous stage known was the 21.3 feet of the 1866 flood, the next highest 18.3 feet in 1898. The levees were raised then so as to take care of a flood of 23 feet, which seemed a safe margin.

Whether or not anything like a "wall" of water came down the river, it was a wall of water which swept over and through the levees and into the town. People saw it swirl round the street corner in front of their houses, and before they knew what was happening their houses were islands, possibly half overturned or swimming islands, in a whirling torrent ten or fifteen feet deep. The terror that followed, the tragedy and rescue from sudden death, have been set forth in detail in the newspaper despatches. Brave men saved dozens of families only to go down in the current at last themselves. One woman gave birth to a child with no one but her husband to attend her, while a doctor, unable to reach the house, shouted instructions to the father through an improvised newspaper megaphone. On Wednesday fire broke out in the downtown section, two business blocks were burned, and it seemed to those watching from the roofs or second-story windows as if the whole city were to be swept.

Looking, now, down any of the streets in the residence part of town—kindly, comfortable streets, lined with elms and maples—you notice a stratum of straw and bits of grass hanging from the lower branches about ten feet from the sidewalk. This was the mark the water left—as far as one can see, like something dangling to a Christmas tree, like so many bits of hair pulled from the flood beast's flanks as he galloped rough-shod over the town. These bits of straw cling to

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second-story shutters and the chandeliers of dismantled rooms. And as you pick your way through these dripping streets and think of the body of water that must have swept over the city, it is no wonder that the watchers from the highlands thought, during those first days, that thousands had lost their lives.

The water stayed at its highest level for several hours, fell eleven inches by Wednesday morning, and it continued to fall about two and one-half inches an hour. By Sunday morning every one had left his house, or was able to do so by boat, and the haggard prisoners could descend into the slimy ruins of their city. There was nothing to eat, for everything except canned goods below the second floor had been destroyed; nothing to drink, no light, heat, or means of getting about. Not more than one hundred lives, it is now thought, were lost; the public buildings were mostly intact, the water, gas, and sewerage systems not seriously damaged. Looking across the city now from the hills one might almost think nothing had happened. The office building and factory chimneys are all there; and the thousands of collapsed frame buildings, the lumber piles carried blocks away and strewed like jackstraws, the complete demoralization below the second story, are out of sight and lost in the general blur. What the loss may be, worked out into all its tiny human fractions, can scarcely be known until after weeks of hoeing out and cleaning. Business men suggest a hundred million dollars. The greater and less easily calculated loss is that to general values and prestige unless Dayton is made secure from the recurrence of another such disaster.

As the city staggered up from the mire, helpless and for the moment almost hopeless, there was one rock to turn to, one thing which stood high and bright in its pride of strength above the general desolation. This was the plant of the National Cash Register Company on the southern edge of the town. What Dayton might have done without John H. Patterson and the highly trained and flexible organization, the keen, taut, loyal force which surrounds him, can only be a matter of speculation, inasmuch as "The Cash," as they familiarly speak of it in Dayton, was for days the stricken city's brain, nerves, almost its food and drink.

This great plant—a city in itself—covering the equivalent of eight or ten city blocks in what is practically a park, with asphalt streets, lawns, trees, and buildings fitted with every conceivable detail of the model factory, with acres of workrooms as clean and light as the reading-room of a public library—this polished organism was turned in a twinkling, without discord or hitch, into a vast, smoothly working executive headquarters, hotel, hospital, and relief station. Here army, city, and State officials, doctors, nurses, and correspondents, came. Here, all day, was a bread line two blocks long, here supplies were hurried as relief trains brought them in, from here automobiles and motor trucks, commandeered wherever they could be found, went sputtering away day and night on their errands of mercy.

The water had scarcely rolled over the city before the National Cash Register carpenters were pounding boats together. Boat-building was not their regular work, but that seemed to make no difference, and they turned out one every five minutes until two hundred had been built, manned, and sent out to rescue people from house-tops and second-story windows. By Wednesday night a special National Cash Register relief train left New York, and two others followed on Thursday and Friday. The President of the company himself was made Chairman of the Relief and Citizens' Committees and almost dictator of the town.

There appeared to be nothing to which this factory and the men connected with it could not be effectively turned at a moment's notice. There was a place for everything and a placard to tell you where it was and how to get there. Among the buildings is a huge ten-story structure used ordinarily for the executive and clerical force and the company's welfare work. This building has a large dining-room and kitchen, bedrooms and bathrooms, rest-rooms, and gymnasium. Two thousand five hundred people were fed here for days exclusive of the ordinary relief work, and well fed, and served by waitresses in uniform without hurry or delay. As many slept in the building, the more fortunate as comfortably as in the best city hotel.

The sight of the place, alight and humming, with scores of automobiles rumbling and smoking about it, was, to those coming up from the dismantled city, a constant wonder. On one floor newspaper correspondents were pounding out stories to all the world; on another, in the hospital quarters, babies were being born or flood sufferers fighting pneumonia; on another, heaps

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of clothing sorted out and sprayed with disinfectants before distribution; away up near the roof mothers with children and toothless old women dozed in rocking-chairs, while pianos pounded out rag-time or church hymns.

Just what such an oasis means is difficult to realize unless one has had the experience of a city literally without food, water, light, or the means of getting about. At the National Cash Register plant you might have thought you were at a political convention or in some jolly exposition hall. There was food for every one, coffee and sandwiches at every turn, distilled water in individual paper cups. Newspaper reporters, shot off by their city editors without time to get so much as a toothbrush or a collar, found themselves sleeping in brand-new brass bedsteads, under down quilts, and rattling round in tiled bathrooms, where everything was supplied them, even—if they had time to use them—with buffers to polish their finger-nails. When their clothes gave out they were given new ones—clean linen, overalls, pajamas, anything they needed. Hard-worked clerks and attendants at once acquired all the special knowledge of valets with the gracious manners of Southern gentlemen. Men smeared with mud were asked, as they went to bed, to send their clothes to be pressed, and there were large signs posted in the lower corridor stating that clothes-pressers and barbers worked all night and accepted neither pay nor tips. As I stepped into the hall late last night a young man, serving as watchman outside the door, lifted his head from his arms, murmured, "Are you restin' pretty good?" and, satisfied of this, returned to his slumber. To step from the silent, sodden city into this humming Babel, where everything seemed to be had for the asking, was like stepping from the infernal regions to one of those sanitary socialistic Utopias pictured by Mr. H. G. Wells.

Only this—and here was the piquant interest of the thing—was the very apotheosis of centralized, one-man power. The National Cash Register is, in a peculiarly complete sense, an expression of the somewhat eccentric genius of one man—an industrial captain just come from being sentenced, along with a number of the keen, devoted, capable men working day and night here in relief work, to a term in prison for violating the anti-trust laws. No novelist or playwright trying to picture the drama of modern business ever devised anything more ingeniously dramatic—this heroic use of efficiency. It was almost a sort of throwing down of the gauntlet—"So *this* is what you are trying to punish!"—those great, bright, humming National Cash Register buildings seemed to say.

The president's son, a frank, hustling, unspoiled youth, worked day and night, first with the rescue boats, later with motor cars, and even in the morgue. His daughter, a bright-eyed girl of twenty-one perhaps, was at work with the other waitresses in the big dining-room. The town's feeling toward the moving spirit of this concentrated efficiency was almost religious enthusiasm. "Do you think," one man asked me—he was a worker away over in the Riverdale section, and nothing had been said of Patterson—"if God Almighty wasn't with him, that he wouldn't have a wet place out there!"—as if destiny itself had fixed the Cash Register buildings on high ground. The old gentleman who showed me his ruined library, also, quite of his own accord, broke out in a similar way against a government that would send such a man to prison. "I carried a musket fifty years ago," he cried, and then stopped as if at a loss for a word. "And I'm ready to carry one again," he concluded, presently.

As this is being written I have just returned from a walk through the flooded part of the town. In the three days that people have had to work an astonishing amount of cleaning has been done. The water and sewer systems are working, a few trolley cars running, and here and there plucky merchants have hung out signs: "Will Resume Business As Soon As We Can Get Stock," or "Will Be Ready In A Few Days. Hurrah For Greater Dayton!"

There is still almost no food, however, for 100,000 people, except that brought in on relief trains, and the amount of work to be done before the city is ship-shape again is appalling. During a walk of perhaps two miles in the early evening I don't suppose I saw more than half a dozen lights—only block after block of deserted houses, silent, dismantled, except for the sentries at the street corners like a city of the dead.

But Dayton was only one of the cities to suffer from the floods which overwhelmed the lower half of the State of Ohio. More people were lost at Columbus; in some of the small towns further down the Miami the wreck was more complete. Of this and of the general flood problem I shall speak in another article.

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J. PIERPONT MORGAN

I—HIS CAREER AND ITS ACHIEVEMENTS

"AN epitome of the economic spirit of his times," is the epigrammatic sentence in which an English journal sums up Mr. Morgan's career. An American financial editor writes to The Outlook putting the essential facts in a more personal and human way: "In finance Mr. Morgan has always been a constructive force. His pathway is not strewn with wrecks; but, on the contrary, he has turned from one task of upbuilding to still another. He has been a confirmed optimist, and he has seen that optimism justified time and time again. At the big times, in the big things of financial life, men have turned to him because of his probity, his seasoned judgment, his unwavering courage, his dominating, almost domineering personality, and, above all, because of that intangible but pervasive glamour which rests upon all success-compelling leaders." His fundamental method in his vast undertakings is thus described by a writer in the New York "Sun:" "He was an organizer of great industrial corporations, one of them the largest company in the world; he was the reorganizer of important railroads, and dictated the financial policy of more than half the railroads of the country. But his interests in these ventures were pre-eminently the interest of a banker. In them he sought neither aggrandizement nor monopoly, but that stability in corporate securities which creates confidence among investors here and abroad and imparts enduring strength to the financial structure of the country."

HIS FAMILY AND EDUCATION

Mr. Morgan's death took place in Rome on March 31. He had been ill and in a more or less precarious condition for some time. He was born in Hartford on April 17, 1837, and was therefore almost seventy-six years old at the time of his death.

Mr. Morgan was not a self-made man in the sense that Commodore Vanderbilt and Mr. Carnegie were, for his father, Junius S. Morgan, was a banker before him and a man of influence in the international financial world, a partner in the famous firm of George Peabody & Company. His paternal grandfather, Joseph Morgan, had owned and managed a hotel in Hartford, and at one time J. Pierpont Morgan gave indications of intending to back and control a large hotel-resort system, an intention suddenly abandoned for larger projects. Both the Morgan and Pierpont families were of excellent New England standing; his grandfather, the Rev. John Pierpont, was not only a famous preacher of his time but a hymnologist as well. As to education, Mr. Morgan graduated from the English High School of Boston and then entered the University of Göttingen, Germany. Later he received honorary degrees from both Yale and Harvard.

HIS EARLY BUSINESS CAREER

In 1857 Mr. Morgan began his business career as a clerk in the then famous New York house of Duncan, Sherman & Co., becoming in 1860 the agent in the United States for Peabody & Co. From 1864 to 1871 he was a member of the firm of Dabney, Morgan & Co., organized by himself to deal in investment securities, and it was while he was a member of that firm, in 1869, that he undertook the first of the long series of railway reorganizations which later led to the coining of the Wall Street phrase, "re-Morganizing." The road was the Albany and Susquehanna, which he rescued from the plight it had been left in by Jay Gould, leasing it to the Delaware and Hudson, with which it is still bound up. A story illustrative of his faculty of concentration is told of Mr. Morgan in connection with this transaction. His father had asked an old friend in New York to look after the young man; to do what he could towards helping him along. The friend put young Morgan on a certain board of directors, but when Mr. Morgan, Senior, called for a report on his son's conduct a few months later, the old friend had to confess that young Morgan, while punctual in attendance at board meetings, had done so little to promote the company's welfare in other ways that he had been asked to resign. All of this explanation was coupled with kindly expressed doubts as to young Morgan's future. Two months later the financial world was applauding his skillful rehabilitation of the broken Gould road, a project conceived during the period of

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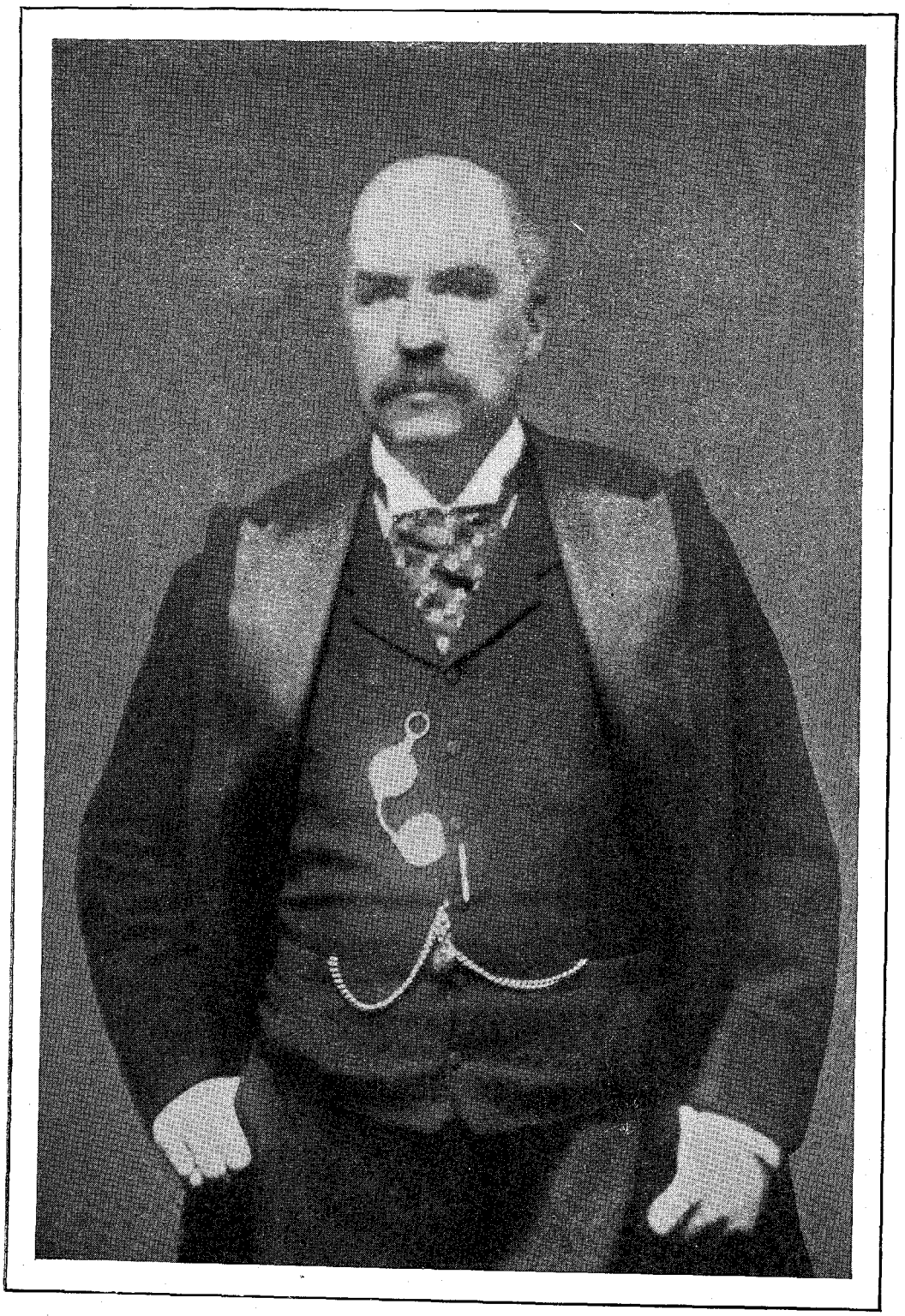

J. PIERPONT MORGAN

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"inattention" which seemed so inauspicious to his father's friend.

In 1871 Mr. Morgan joined Anthony Drexel, who remained at the head of the Philadelphia house while he took charge of the banking business of Drexel, Morgan & Co., in New York. The same year was marked by the beginning of his long service as banker to the Vanderbilt railways, the connection coming with his sale of $25,000,000 of New York Central stock in Europe at a price which filled old Commodore Vanderbilt with unbounded respect for the young man's abilities. As a result of these and other successes, the United States Government in 1876–1877 placed in his hands the details of the $260,000,000 4 and 4½ per cent bond refunding plans, and Mr. Morgan carried them through in such fashion as to add still more to his rising fame.

TWENTY YEARS OF ACHIEVEMENT

The year 1880 was one of reorganization and rebuilding of railways, and during it Mr. Morgan put together again the Baltimore and Ohio, lending it $10,000,000 incidentally, and the Reading, providing at the same time $40,000,000 for the pushing through of the Northern Pacific to the Pacific coast. At the end of the year 1885 Mr. Morgan had ended the long-continued railway rate wars by the now famous "gentlemen's agreement," settled the Vanderbilt-Pennsylvania fight in a compact still intact, and turned over to the New York Central its rival, the West Shore, receiving for this great task, by his own stipulation, not a single cent in the way of compensation. At a great private dinner, however, Mr. Vanderbilt presented to Mr. Morgan a massive set of silver plate, valued at about $300,000, destroying the dies, that it might remain unique.

These, writes to The Outlook an expert student of financial history who knew Mr. Morgan well, were the measures that lifted the stock market out of the depths into which it had been plunged by the Grant and Ward failure of 1884 and the business depression and railway troubles of the following twelve months. Even earlier Mr. Morgan had played his part in averting panic upon the assassination of President Garfield, and again in disposing of 300,000 shares of Vanderbilt's personal holdings of New York Central to meet a public protest against great fortunes and centralized power not unlike that of the present day.

The writer just alluded to furnishes for The Outlook the following account of some of Mr. Morgan's later financial achievements:

"The ten years from 1890 to 1900 found the impress of Mr. Morgan's personality upon financial affairs growing ever clearer and stronger. It was a troublous period—perhaps the most so in this country's financial history. It was made so by the unrest and anxiety bred of the 'silver issue' and several years of poor harvests. Among its fruits were railway bankruptcies, and we find Mr. Morgan at his favorite work of putting such properties back on their feet. Among them were the Erie, Reading (once more), Southern Railway, Northern Pacific, and Lehigh Valley.

"But his hardest work, through the years from 1893, that of the great collapse, when not less than five hundred banks closed their doors, to 1897, was the rehabilitation of the credit of the United States. Time has softened many of the opinions then held of the 'Cleveland policies,' and the Cleveland bond issues, and the 'Morgan-Belmont syndicate;' and we know now, at least, that Mr. Morgan's work was both necessary and tremendous, whatever may be said of its cause. A Republican Secretary of the Treasury passed out of office in the face of the brewing financial storm with the $100,000,000 gold redemption fund, a nation's credit gauge, intact, thanks to two forced loans of several millions, leaving to his Democratic successor, Carlisle, the gigantic task of so keeping it in the face of European gold withdrawals, provoked by fears of a change to silver in this country. The difficulties with Great Britain over the Venezuela boundary line brought the situation to the point of panic. But the bond issues saved the day, and it may be justly added that Mr. Morgan saved the bond issues."

THE STEEL TRUST AND OTHER CORPORATIONS

But the period in Mr. Morgan's constructive financial history which will be longest remembered is undoubtedly that in which he reorganized the steel industry. It is said that his attention was first attracted to the possibility of this gigantic combination by a dinner talk given on the steel and iron industries by Mr. Charles M. Schwab, afterwards President of the United States Steel Corporation. At all events, it was the following year, 1901, when the so-called Billion-Dollar Steel Trust was incorporated. Mr. Carnegie

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was in dangerous competition with other steel companies, and had new plans of manufacture and railway connections which were of enormous importance. As every one knows, the inclusion of Mr. Carnegie's properties, and the payment to him of about three hundred and forty million dollars in bonds, was the central point of the great combination, but it included many other companies. The chief criticism of the stupendous undertaking has been that the new capitalization was far in excess of the actual value of the different companies taken over. On the other hand, it is now admitted that while the future of the industry was capitalized, yet the enormous growth and success of the combination have largely evened up the value of the body of securities with the actual value of the properties.

The same year, 1901, Mr. Morgan bought the Jersey Central Railroad, and again sold it to the Reading Railway. Within a very short time in this the most active period of his career he offered to undertake the Panama Canal through a private syndicate (the offer, of course, was not accepted), organized the Northern Securities Company, which was very soon dissolved by the courts, and organized also the International Mercantile Marine Company with a capital of a hundred million, and the International Harvester Company with an even larger capital.

THE PANIC OF 1907 AND LATER

We must not undertake to follow the tremendous growth of the Morgan financial and accompanying connections. We may, however, quote the New York "Evening Post's" account of the most dramatic incident in Mr. Morgan's career, namely, his action and influence in checking the panic of 1907:

> Failure of the Knickerbocker Trust Company and runs on other banking institutions threw the financial world into great excitement. Stocks fell, and public confidence was shaken as it seldom had been before. A series of confidences between financiers and bankers was held to consider means of remedying the situation. One of the earliest of these was at Mr. Morgan's office on October 23, at which E. H. Harriman, Thomas F. Ryan, H. C. Frick, Norman B. Ream, and Oakleigh Thorne were present.
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> On the following day Morgan & Co. averted what might have been the greatest disaster of the year by sending $25,000,000 to the Stock Exchange in the form of a loan. This was followed by an immediate upward turn of prices. More conferences, over which Mr. Morgan presided, followed. The status of every big banking institution that had felt the strain of the panic most severely was closely scrutinized. George B. Cortelyou, then Secretary of the Treasury, took hold with Mr. Morgan and his associates, and it was the combined efforts of these men, under the advice and leadership of Mr. Morgan, that saved the financial world from further troubles. Many of these gatherings were held in Mr. Morgan's great library in East Thirty-sixth Street. One of them, begun in the evening of November 4, lasted well on until daybreak of the following morning.
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> Throughout these weeks of uncertainty, Mr. Morgan sought to bring about stability and restore confidence in the market. He was virtually in control of the country's financial future during those weeks. It was his great wealth, coupled with the power it stood for, that enabled him to marshal the money forces of Wall Street and make them do as he commanded.

Still later achievements of permanent importance were the establishing of the trust agreement in the Equitable Assurance Company matter, with Grover Cleveland, ex-Justice Morgan O'Brien, and Mr. George Westinghouse as trustees; and quite recently the agreement by which the Morgan interests will finance the New York Subway scheme. In both cases, as always with Mr. Morgan, his purpose was not speculation, but construction. What this meant in the way of faith and credit from other business men has been expressed after his death by a commentator as follows: "Perhaps no one man in the history of our finances has rehabilitated so much property threatened with ruin and final extinction. Of him, a short time ago, some one said: 'Mr. Morgan's office is the repair shop to which the crippled must go.' His indorsement of a new scheme went far at least to insure its success."

HIS TREASURES AND BENEFACTIONS

As a collection of art treasures and fine books Mr. Morgan's achievements were as famous as were his financial exploits. In his beautiful private library, in itself one of New York's choicest buildings, in the Metropolitan Museum, and in many of the great museums of Europe, these art treasures and books cover almost every field, and are noted not merely for their costliness and the great names attached to them, but for their intrinsic value. The estimates of the value of the art objects collected by him range from twenty million to a hundred million dollars. In the present special exhibition of his pictures at the Metropolitan Museum, the Raphael, Gainsborough's Duchess of Devonshire, and Hobbema's Landscape together are said to have cost $785,000, and these are only three of many wonderful pictures. The Morgan-

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Garland Chinese collection of porcelains at the Metropolitan is probably worth in money a similar sum. A list of one-tenth of his choicest possessions would fill columns. Among his rare books are the Golden Gospels once owned by Henry VIII, the Ashburnham Gospels, twenty-one *shelves* of Aldines, seventeen shelves of Elzevirs, two Mazarin Bibles, fine specimens of the Shakespeare folios and quartos, and first editions or manuscripts of many famous masterpieces of literature, old and modern. Mr. Morgan was one of the Directors of the Metropolitan Museum, and took the warmest interest in its growth.

Mr. Morgan's benefactions, private as well as public, were made unostentatiously and often under pledge of anonymity. The New York Lying-In Hospital, the Harvard Medical School, the New York Trade Schools, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, are a few of many institutions that are known to have benefited by his liberality.

II—ESTIMATES OF HIS PERSONALITY AND INFLUENCE BY SOME INTIMATE ASSOCIATES

The foregoing account states the main events of Mr. Morgan's career as the public knows it. The inmost qualities of his personality and character were of course known only to his intimate associates. We are glad to be able to give our readers (in addition to our own estimate, which will be found on another page) four estimates of Mr. Morgan which strike us as being very remarkable—remarkable not only because of the appreciation which they express, but because they disclose the many-sidedness of Mr. Morgan's personality. The four men whose tributes we here print came into contact with Mr. Morgan in different fields of human activity. They have written independently and without consultation, and yet it is clear from reading them that what impressed them about Mr. Morgan was the deeper element in his nature rather than his great mastery of material things. Mr. Roosevelt knew him in connection with governmental matters, Mr. de Forest—whose account here is substantially the same as that which he gave at a memorial meeting last week, but somewhat fuller—knew him as an art collector, and Mr. Reiland, who is the rector of St. George's Church in New York, as a worshiper and worker in the church. The first appreciation which follows, and which is the substance of a personal conversation with a member of the staff of The Outlook, comes from a man of international reputation who has known Mr. Morgan intimately for many years in every field of activity.

HIS PERSONALITY

It is impossible to form a just or intelligent appreciation of Mr. Morgan's career or influence on his country and countrymen without a knowledge of certain great personal characteristics which were dominant in his life, and of which the public knows far too little.

Through all my connection with him during many years of intimate personal and business relations, the quality in him which has most impressed me, and which was the foundation of his great achievements and influence, was the real moral fiber of his being. He was a man of faith, not only a deep religious faith, but the faith which displays itself in great deeds—faith in the universe, in humanity, in his country, in his associates, and in the highest standards of honor in both his public and his private life. It seems to be the inevitable penalty which must be paid by every man whose personality and work are constantly arresting and interesting public attention that he should suffer from insinuations and slander of all kinds. Mr. Morgan had at times to bear more than his share of this kind of calumny, sometimes malicious, sometimes merely careless. It has been my privilege to have lived with him day and night in the most intimate personal way; to have talked with him by hours, alone, day after day; to have been his companion on journeys, on his yacht, in the intimacy of his private life; to have discussed all sorts of affairs and all sorts of subjects with him; and I know that his standards of honor and uprightness of life were of the very highest, and that he lived faithfully in accordance with those standards.

This moral fiber Mr. Morgan inherited from a long line of New England ancestors, and especially from his father, for whom he had a peculiar veneration. He often discussed his father's personality and the qualities and principles which his father stood for. He was proud beyond measure of his father's great character and reputation, and it has

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always seemed to me a touching and significant thing that Mr. Morgan should have caused to be inscribed upon the new buildings which he presented to the Harvard Medical School the simple sentence, "To the memory of Junius S. Morgan, a merchant of Boston, later a merchant of London."

Mr. Morgan's father, Junius S. Morgan, was born in Massachusetts in 1813. As a young merchant in Boston he became associated with George Peabody, the great American philanthropist, merchant, and financier of the early part of the last century. Mr. Peabody had established his firm in London, and Mr. Junius Morgan went there to become his associate and partner. Most of the American and English merchants of that time necessarily did a banking business in connection with their merchandizing, for the most important part of their trade was with India and the Far East. The house of George Peabody & Company became a great banking house, and when Mr. Junius Morgan succeeded Mr. Peabody as the head of the firm, in 1864, the firm name was changed to J. S. Morgan & Company. When Mr. Pierpont Morgan, after studying at the University of Göttingen, entered active business life in New York in 1857, it was on a basis quite independent of his father's firm in London, although he afterwards became American agent for that firm. He was always rather proud of the fact that he had marked out and developed his own career, and that even his early success was not merely due to the circumstance that he was his father's son. But he made his very own the financial and mercantile standards which have given the names of George Peabody and J. S. Morgan a lasting and enviable reputation in the annals of English and American finance. Mr. Junius Morgan was always a believer in and supporter of his country. Recall for a moment the atmosphere of London at the beginning of our Civil War, when Charles Francis Adams, also a Bostonian, was our Minister to England. Hostility of opinion prevailed to a great extent, but Junius Morgan stood like a rock in the whirlpool of animosity. It was in this experience that his character developed; it was in this experience that his faith in the United States, in its institutions and in its future, was created; and it is this faith that Mr. Pierpont Morgan inherited from his father, who rose head and shoulders above the other men of his kind in that crisis. The events of that period and the part his father played in it were an ever-present memory in the mind of Mr. Morgan, and had a marked influence in shaping his career. One of the chief actuating motives in all that he did, in all his great industrial and financial operations, was a genuine patriotism resting upon the faith that he, like his father, possessed in his country, its institutions, and its future. I know these things because I knew the man. The public does not know them because they never have been told, and because Mr. Morgan was reticent about speaking of them to any but his closest intimates.

You ask if he was conscious of a definite philosophy of life. I do not know that I could say that he was. That is why I come back, in thinking of it, to the word faith. Philosophy rather indicates thoughtful conclusions regarding life in all its aspects. I should say that he was more actuated by spontaneous inherent qualities, by optimism, by a faith so basic that it was unconscious or subconscious; but underlying all this he was a man of very real and deep religious convictions. He rarely spoke of religion, but no one who knew him intimately could fail to realize what an ever-present force it was in his character. It was this spirit that dominated him; it was this spirit that stood out wonderfully in his father. If there is anything in eugenics, there never was a more evident case than this.

It is often asked what was the secret of his control over other men. In my judgment, men followed him and even obeyed him because they believed in him—believed in his character and his wisdom. He had a wonderful fund of knowledge and absolute integrity. "His word was as good as his bond," a phrase which has meant much in the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary. He never used his position to get undue advantage for himself; his attitude towards everybody, even towards his opponents and enemies, was absolutely just. He never harbored hatred or animosity, and in times of panic he never thought of refusing his help to those who had done their best to injure him. At such times there was not a man in any kind of business, even those who had caviled and snarled at him, who would not put everything he had in the world into his hands for protection. They had perfect confidence in his ability and integrity and courage. He had no apprehension or fear in times of panic, and it was in such times that his quality of leadership

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was most apparent and that the community gave him their greatest confidence. This confidence was not universally conceded to him until recent years, but people gradually and steadily learned that he never was found wanting in a crisis, and therefore turned instinctively to him as the one pre-eminent leader in a crisis.

He was dominant, laconic, and reticent, but he was one of the most human persons I have ever known, considerate, affectionate, and gentle, and always willing to respect the rights of others. His enjoyment of the companionship of his friends was one of his most marked qualities. I wish I could with propriety speak of the many incidents which have given me an insight into this phase of his character—of the times, generally late at night, on some long journey, or out alone upon the ocean, when he spoke of his early life, his beginning in business, his pride in the time when he first found that in business he was standing on his own feet independent of his father, and his veneration for his father's memory.

* * *

HIS SINCERITY

Mr. Morgan was politically opposed to me, for we disagreed fundamentally on many questions of vital economic importance. Yet whenever I was brought in contact with him I was struck, not only by his very great power, but by his sincerity and truthfulness. His word was absolutely good. When he made a promise, he kept it; and untruthfulness and any kind of meanness or smallness were alike wholly alien to his character. Moreover, he was a man who did an astounding amount of good in ways which he kept carefully concealed. One such instance which struck me very much came to my personal knowledge.

A certain United States Senator, a singularly upright man of single-minded devotion to his country, died. He had been a long time in public life, and, as with most honest men, this meant that he had made no money, for his public duties were so exacting as to leave him no time, even if he had had the wish, for private money-making. At his death it was discovered that his widow was left with literally nothing. This fact was accidentally brought to Mr. Morgan's notice, and Mr. Morgan, who had no ties connecting him with the dead man excepting his admiration for that dead man's good citizenship, at once provided for the needs of the widow, merely making the stipulation that no one should be informed of what he had done.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

HIS RELIGIOUS FAITH

Occupied constantly as Mr. Morgan was with the stress of manifold interests at home and abroad, he was the most approachable of men whenever anything pertaining to religion and church required his attention. His position as delegate to the General Conventions of the Episcopal Church was that of a great lay bishop, not because of his generous gifts to the church at large, known and unknown, but because of his interest in, and intelligent appreciation of, every matter under consideration. His point of view was eagerly sought, his feeling generally consulted, and where his judgment prevailed, future developments justified the wisdom of his counsel. He always manifested a deep sympathy which made him sincerely appreciative of other points of view, no matter how humble the advocates; and with this quality of greatness he had the vision of a prophet. No General Convention seemed properly equipped without his presence.

In the Diocese of New York no words of mine are necessary or adequate to express his commanding position. He was always generous to every project that required financial assistance, or the trained, far-seeing observation of a comprehensive mind. In the sessions of the Diocesan Convention he would frequently express his impatience at the long-drawn-out discussion of irrelevant matters, urging attention to more important affairs, and a sense of the value of time. He seldom addressed the chair himself, because of humility rather than shyness, but no one and nothing escaped his observation or failed to receive his criticism or encouragement as the matter deserved. He felt keenly that the Church should take a firm stand for Christian unity, and the uplift and betterment of the masses.

Mr. Morgan's devotion to religion is perhaps best known in St. George's Church, New York, of which he was a lifelong member, and which, as an institutional church, represents his idea of applied Christianity. He became a Vestryman in 1868, Junior Warden in 1885, and Senior Warden in 1890, which office he held at the time of his death. No one knows the extent of his generosity in and about St. George's. He was regularly at the Sunday morning service

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when in this country, and always took up the collection in the center aisle. On Communion Sunday he remained to receive communion. He followed every word of the service and sermon with devout attention, and the present rector is thankful for his habit of giving wise and helpful criticisms of services, sermons, and general parochial policy. He came early to the church, eagerly mounting the steps, specially animated with a kind of youthful joy when surrounded by the members of his family. After putting aside hat and coat, he would walk up and down the broad aisle greeting every one who cared to speak to him, rich and poor alike, or take his stand with the parish clergy near the entrances to welcome the gathering worshipers. Mr. Morgan has frequently said that, next to his immediate family, nothing on earth was so dear to his heart as St. George's Church.

His warm-hearted personality, his cordial hand-clasp, will be missed, as greatly as they were eagerly looked for, by hundreds to whom they meant no less than encouragement in a common faith and the blessing of a friend. He did not like to place a contribution in the collection plate "to be seen of men," but often sent his gifts privately. Though he liked especially a certain pew, and sat in it when he found it vacant, he was glad to feel that the size of the congregation sometimes forced him to sit elsewhere, and prided himself upon being the Warden of a really free church.

Mr. Morgan was a deeply religious man, and, as is not generally known, was a great lover of music. He was enthusiastic for congregational singing, urging that all music and especially the hymns should be selected to that end. His knowledge of hymns was remarkable, even to the choice of tunes, and the custom of always using certain tunes with the hymns in the services at St. George's is to a great extent due to his interest. I never knew any one who felt so strongly about the choice of hymns. Although I had known Mr. Morgan for several years, my first conference with him when I came here was largely about St. George's music. He said, "Please do not change our hymn-singing till you know our method. When I don't like a hymn tune, I always sit down." I never saw him sit down. Upon the completion of the new Centennial Chapel last fall, he came from his office Saturday afternoons and entered the chapel alone. As soon as I learned of this habit I used to go over regularly to meet him there. Sometimes I found him kneeling in prayer, or reading, or singing a hymn without organ, and alone. He seemed as happy as a child if I sent for one of our organists to play the hymns for us. He would stand in the chancel singing and beating the time, with book in hand, thoroughly enjoying every moment. The doors were always closed—no one but the aged sexton and myself knew that the great master of men and things was worshiping in the Temple.

His last words as the steamer left the pier on January 7 were:

"Watch over dear old St. George's."

Mr. Morgan has been called a "broad churchman," and so he was, very broad and deep. His was not the breadth of extended thinness, but breadth with depth. He disliked any but the plainest, heartiest service in which all could join. He used to say, "St. George's way is what I like, and I hope it will never change." Frequently he urged his acquaintances to attend services. Public worship with him was the outward visible sign of an inward religious conviction. His religion was no Sunday affair. He worshiped in spirit and in truth.

No one who was present on his last Sunday here will ever forget how he stood out, almost in the aisle, beating time with his book, singing with strong voice and moist eyes his favorite hymn—"Blest be the tie that binds."

We think of it now. KARL REILAND.

MR. MORGAN AS A LOVER OF ART

To those who looked at Mr. Morgan only from a single angle, whatever that angle might be, he bulked so large that they thought they saw his whole stature. But from whatever point he was viewed there could be seen only a small fraction of his great personality.

To the world of business he seemed the embodiment of some titanic force, whether it operated to save the credit of a nation or to re-create a great enterprise.

To such a world it must have seemed inconceivable that this same person could halt his great business projects to admire some small work of art, and could lay aside both business and art to play with his grandchildren, or to caress his favorite dog.

But such was the real Mr. Morgan. To him it was not incongruous to assemble the forces which stayed the panic of 1907 for

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that famous all-night session at his library in the company of a placid Madonna of Raphael and a delicate statuette by Donatello. There were two of Donatello's statuettes in his favorite corner. He loved them, and he was wont to say they reminded him of his own children.

Mr. Morgan was easily the greatest art collector of his time.

Was it the mere pleasure of possession, the ambition to have and be known to have the choicest objects of art, which attracted him? No, not primarily, though such pleasure and such ambition there must have been. He loved art for art's sake. His taste was highly cultivated and it rarely erred. He trusted his own judgment in selection, and his mental operation was as intuitive and instantaneous when applied to the purchase of a picture as to a business transaction. I recall several instances.

I was with him in London at the establishment of a noted dealer. The dealer took from his pocket a miniature and said to Mr. Morgan, "You want that for your collection." Mr. Morgan glanced at it for a second. "How much did you pay for it?" said he. The dealer, who evidently mistrusted me, whispered something in Mr. Morgan's ear. Mr. Morgan handed the miniature back to him at once. A little later at the same interview the dealer took out another miniature. Said he, "How about this one, Mr. Morgan?" The same quick pantomime was enacted, and Mr. Morgan put the miniature in his pocket.

I was admiring an exquisite gothic statuette in his library. I said, "Mr. Morgan, how did you possibly get that?" "Why," said he, "I was walking on a street in Paris. I passed a man carrying something under his cloak, and the head of that statue peeped out. I asked him what he was doing with it. He said he wanted to sell it. I took him to my hotel, and in five minutes I became its owner." Later his expert friends told him he had obtained a masterpiece at an insignificant price.

He frequently paid large prices. He used to say, "No price is too large for an object of unquestioned beauty and known authenticity." And he acted on this belief. No wonder he vexed the souls of amateurs whose purses were more slender, and excited the envy of museum directors whose government grants were insufficient to compete with his large resources. But now that he has brought all these acquired treasures to his and our own country, which one of us will say that his was not the broader perspective?

Mr. Morgan was very generous in showing his art treasures and in lending them. Until he brought them to America last year they were most of them in England. His house at Princes Gate was a museum in itself, and while never open to the public at large, so far as I am aware, it was frequently opened when he was in London to accredited visitors. There was his famous Fragonard Room; there were his collections of miniatures, snuff-boxes, and many of his choicest pictures.

The Victoria and Albert Museum, popularly called the South Kensington, in London, had the benefit of extensive loan collections from him for many years. He lent quite freely to other British museums. He was even ready to send some of his choicest pictures to Berlin and some of his choicest tapestries to Paris for loan exhibitions.

His generosity in lending was international. When he determined to bring all his collections of art home to America I know he thought of leaving his great altar-piece by Raphael in the National Gallery at London, to which he had loaned it for many years. He made inquiry, however, as to the death duties which would have to be paid in case he died leaving this picture in England, and when he ascertained authoritatively that the amount would be over £65,000 (that is, over $325,000) he concluded not to be generous to England at so great a cost.

Mr. Morgan never consciously took any work of art out of the country to which it naturally belonged as a national possession, though he must have been many times tempted to do so. His return to Italy of the famous Ascoli Cope, to which he had undoubtedly legal title, is well known.

I recall that he had practically bought in Paris some tapestries, for which he afterwards ascertained the authorities of the Louvre had been in negotiation and which they were exceedingly anxious to obtain. He at once notified them that he would withdraw from competition so that the French Government might have a preferential right to buy, and he finally bought them only after being assured by the authorities of the Louvre that they were quite ready to have him do so because they could not succeed in obtaining the funds with which to purchase them themselves.

Mr. Morgan was interested in our Metro-

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politan Museum from its very beginning. He was one of that courageous band of public-spirited citizens who worked for a year to raise the pitiful $106,000 with which it was started. He became a trustee in 1889, and was elected President in 1904. From that time it became with him an absorbing interest. He would drop any piece of business at any time to give thought to its affairs. I have frequently in these later years called him up by telephone to inquire when he could see me conveniently about some Museum matter, and his almost invariable response was, "Right now."

I recall the Monday of that famous all-night session which stayed the panic of 1907. He presided over a long meeting at the Museum that afternoon, and only after its routine was all over did he quietly remark that he had to hurry home to attend to a serious financial situation.

Nor was his interest in the Museum solely that of a collector. He found, in the reorganization which took place when he became its President, ample scope for his broad perspective and constructive power. He was in deep sympathy with its recent development on the side of industrial art and education. Never did he look upon it as a private possession, either of his own or of his fellow-trustees. It was as a great public institution that it appealed to him. Nothing pleased him more than the true democracy of those recent receptions where he stood at the head of the receiving line and shook hands with every one who filed by.

An incident of one of those receptions comes to my mind which was eminently characteristic. Among the approaching guests, conspicuous from absence of evening costume, was a woman with a baby in her arms. To the rest of us the woman's presence seemed an intrusion. Many men would have directed the attendants to remove her. Not so Mr. Morgan. He shook hands with her as graciously as he did with the lady in full evening dress who preceded her, and as she passed by said to me, "Quick! get that baby's name, so that I can make it a life fellow of the Museum." Said I, "That will cost you one thousand dollars." "So much the better," said he. He did not stop before he acted to inquire who that baby was. He took in the situation at a glance, though he had never seen the woman before. She was the wife of one of our new Museum attendants who was eager to attend the reception, and who could not come without bringing her baby with her.

Mr. Morgan never saw all his collections assembled together. Fortunately for America, they are all here; but only his pictures, and not all of these, have been unpacked. But I am sure his satisfaction in having them exhibited together would not have been the selfish pleasure of so seeing them himself, but the pleasure of seeing his fellow-countrymen enjoy them. The son spoke for the father when he said: "Do not keep my father's pictures at the Museum closed any longer out of respect to his memory. Open the gallery to the public. It is what he would have wished."

One of the greatest desires that Mr. Morgan had this last year of his life was that the city should provide for a new wing to the Museum. Not so much that it should make space in which to show his collections (his were not the only collections that needed exhibition space), but as an earnest of the city's co-operation with and interest in the great public institution whose welfare he had so much at heart. It was one of the last things he spoke of before he sailed. I wish he could have lived a few days longer, when he would have known that this wish of his had been fulfilled.

Our Metropolitan Museum was not the only art institution in which he was interested. He had a broad vision of a great American Academy at Rome, formed by the union of the original Academy with the American School for Classical Studies, established high on the Janiculum overlooking the "Eternal City." That dream he was turning into reality when he was taken away.

His loss to our Museum and to the cause of art would be irreparable except for that which, while living, he has done, and that which, though he be dead, his example will inspire others to do.

ROBERT W. DE FOREST.

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THE SPECTATOR

"I WAS deaf, and I hear; I was blind, and I see; I was dumb, and I speak." The words were the oratorical climax in one of the most remarkable addresses that an American or any other audience has ever been privileged to hear. They were spoken by Miss Helen Keller in her first address before a New York City audience, in the Forty-eighth Street Theater, on Sunday evening, March 30. Some of the speaker's previous words had not been easily understood by her hearers, though their attention was almost painfully alert to catch every syllable that fell from the speaker's lips; but these words rang out with a clearness that made them understood by the remotest listener. There was an unmistakable note of triumph in them; and the realization of the years of patient struggle that their utterance had cost brought tears to many eyes.

The struggle that ended in these words of triumph had begun a score of years before, when, as a child of six, knowing not a word of any language, blind and deaf, the little girl had taken her first lesson in associating words with things. Her teacher, herself a young girl, who also knew what blindness meant—for until her eighteenth year Miss Sullivan, now Mrs. Macy, had been almost totally blind—had gone to Helen Keller's home in Florida to see whether the little girl's mind could be reached in any way, in spite of the triple bars that kept it from human communication. She had taken with her a doll for the child, sent by other blind children as a present. Helen was allowed to ransack her teacher's trunk, and she found the doll. Her instructor took the child's hand and touched the doll with it, then traced with the little fingers the letters DOLL. Each day a new object was associated with a word in this way; but the progress was slow for nearly a month. Finally, one day, Helen made the great discovery that everything had a name—water, milk, house, ground—and that the symbols that her hand was tracing represented these names. She turned to her teacher and touched *her*, inquiringly. "Teacher," was spelled out in answer. A glad smile of intelligence and recognition overspread the child's features. "And 'teacher' I have remained from that day to this," said Mrs. Macy. On that day of her soul's awakening the little pupil learned thirty new words. Afterwards her progress was so rapid that at the age of ten she was talking (through the touch language, of course) about—the tariff, if you please!

Her information about the tariff was acquired in this way. She always asked her teacher what her father's guests at dinner were talking about, and on this occasion, in answer to her question, her teacher responded, "It is about something you would not understand." "How do you know I would not understand?" was the instant rejoinder, coupled with a confident statement and an appealing illustration: "I have a good mind! And you know that the Greeks used to allow their children to hear the conversation of those who talked wisely." Nothing could be reserved from an intelligence of such alertness and activity. Thus early Helen Keller began to take an interest in abstract subjects—she was already, as her remark showed, interested in the life of ancient Greece. And in Mrs. Macy's preliminary address on her pupil's education she said, referring to the later years: "Helen made such progress, indeed, that at last the pupil outstripped the teacher. Miss Keller knows far more to-day of Greek, of Latin, of economics, and of philosophy than I do." The account of Miss Keller's unparalleled achievement in taking the examinations at Radcliffe College and winning her degree was one that, in the words of an auditor, "made every one of us, I am sure, feel ashamed of ourselves for our own neglect of our opportunities."

The daintily dressed figure that stepped forward after her teacher's address was one that roused the deepest interest and admiration, a sentiment not unmingled with pity. Looking to be in her early twenties, though her teacher's reminiscences had shown her to be beyond them, Miss Keller impressed one as a person in whom physical and intellectual qualities were extremely well balanced. There was in the fine strong face the evidence of a struggle with fate, but it had left the features with a comely placidity that was near akin to beauty. In the girlish figure and the mobile features there was a rare charm that kept every eye riveted upon the speaker as she stood before her audience with easy bearing, her hands incased in white gloves and in her

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arms a beautiful bunch of long-stemmed roses, whose fragrance she occasionally inhaled. After each division of her subject was concluded there was a slight movement, a change of expression, as if some inner electric signal had suddenly started a new train of thought. The voice, at times unutterably pathetic in its deep, round tones, was yet full of strong vowel sounds and carefully uttered consonants that showed the assiduous training of the instructors who had performed this modern miracle not only of making the dumb speak, but of causing one who has never heard the sound of her own voice to enunciate her words, for the most part, distinctly and in tones of the quality and strength suitable for an address that was to be delivered in a public hall. Quoting one of the greatest English authorities on the education of the deaf, Mrs. Macy was fully justified, in the opinion of most of her auditors, in saying that Helen Keller's mastery of speech was the "greatest individual achievement in the history of education."

It was in the answering of questions, however, at the conclusion of the addresses, that the most dramatic incidents of the evening occurred. Miss Keller, removing one of her gloves, placed the fingers of her right hand on her teacher's face—the little finger on the throat, the other fingers on the lips, and the thumb on the side of the nose. In thus interpreting speech, Mrs. Macy explained, her pupil had a slight advantage over the seeing deaf who interpret speech by lip-reading—which, she said, "is to a considerable extent guesswork, for the lip-reader cannot get the guttural sounds or the nasal tones," as Miss Keller can by the touch method. The questions asked by the audience were repeated by the teacher, and almost instantly grasped by her pupil, who answered them, facing the audience, with quick wit and with an engaging smile that fairly lit up her face as a humorous fancy passed through her brain. One question was, "It is said that you can play on the harp and even on the organ. Is this true?" With her illuminating smile the answer came, "If I can play on an organ, it must be a hand organ." "Is your sense of touch abnormally keen?" was another question. "It is the same as yours, but it has been developed more thoroughly." "How about the sense of taste?" With another laugh came the answer, "I like good things to eat." Some one asked, "Do you practice mental healing?" There was here a moment's confusion between the words "feeling" and "healing," but when "healing" was finally understood the reply came like a flash, "I'm no doctor!" The joy of hearing this part of Miss Keller's talk was that it gave one the sense of listening to a bright, happy, normal girl, who loved her friends, her home, her work in life, and her books. As to her books, one question brought out her interest in current literature. "How long have you been interested in Socialism?" "Since I read H. G. Wells's book, 'New Worlds for Old,' about two years ago," was the answer.

The Spectator began by saying that the climax of Helen Keller's address was in the words cited in the first of these paragraphs. But on reflection he thinks that the real climax of the occasion was when a hearer asked, "Do you know when we applaud?" Pupil and teacher came to the footlights, where there was no floor-covering to interfere with the vibrations, and Miss Keller's face assumed an intent expression while the theater rang with applause for the heroic girl who had struggled to light through darkness and who had voiced a message of love and inspiration to every one present. "Yes, I know you are applauding; *I feel it*," were the words that told that her friends had communicated in return their love and sympathy to the imprisoned soul that had escaped its bonds and was free.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Our Book of Memories. By Justin McCarthy. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $4.

There is hardly a page in Mr. Justin McCarthy's collected letters which is not vivid and tense with contemporary history. The present volume is, therefore, something more than a mere biographical reminiscence. It consists of many letters written by the Irish statesman, publicist, and author, edited and published by Mrs. Campbell Praed, Mr. McCarthy's collaborator in several novels, of which perhaps the best known is "The Right Honorable." This collaboration was the fruit of a lifelong friendship. For many years Mr. McCarthy kept Mrs. Praed informed by letter of his political and literary activities. Thus we have in this volume a record of both the political history and the secret springs of that history during the eighties and nineties of the past century. Of course much of the book is occupied with the events arising out of the Gladstone Home Rule Bills, and through it the figures of Gladstone, Parnell, Morley, and many members of the Irish parties move. We have a feeling, in turning over page after page, of a final summing up of this particular history, for, as is well known, Mr. McCarthy was made leader of the Irish party in succession to Parnell. But the most delightful figure of all is that of Mr. McCarthy himself.

Philippines (The): The Land of Palm and Pine. An Official Guide and Hand-Book. Bureau of Printing, Manila, Philippine Islands.

This remarkably well printed volume, illustrated by many reproductions in monocolor of scenes in the Philippines, has been prepared by Mr. John R. Arnold, under the direction of the Hon. Charles B. Elliott, Secretary of Commerce and Police of the Philippines. Its execution does great credit to those who had it in charge, and the book will certainly be useful, not only to travelers who are visiting the Philippine Islands, but to all who want accurate and verified knowledge. It amply fulfills the promise of its compiler that it should carry the information that "the Philippines have in a high degree the usual sights that attract the traveler, a climate unsurpassed in the tropics, a people of much promise, and a Government which has combined in an unprecedented extent the raising of the political status of a dependent people with the encouragement of its material progress." The same mail which brings this book brings us the annual review-number of the "Cablenews-American," which also is a remarkable piece of work as regards size, the number of articles included on different Philippine industries and other subjects relating to the archipelago, and its elaborate photograph illustrations. Altogether the two publications are full of assurance of industrial and governmental activity, and of real effort on the part of Americans to educate the people of the islands.

The American Child. By Elizabeth McCracken. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

Nearly all of the contents of this book appeared in The Outlook in the form of special articles. The sympathy and familiar friendliness with which Miss McCracken writes of the child have made these articles appeal directly to the parent and teacher. They are the furthest possible from being didactic, academic, or professional. They are full of anecdotes and incidents that illustrate the points presented; and, as with all of Miss McCracken's writing, they have a real sense of humor as well as of social helpfulness.

Necessary Evil (The). By Charles Rann Kennedy. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.

In this one-act drama Mr. Kennedy has endeavored to present the age-old problem of innocence and ignorance, and a picture of the criminal falsity of the so-called "double standard of morality." His characters have that simple unity of outlook so typical of the Virtues and Vices in old-time morality plays.

New Pacific (The). By Hubert Bancroft. The Bancroft Company, New York. $2.

Problems of the Pacific. By Frank Fox. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $2.20.

Despite its regrettably small print, a new edition of Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft's "The New Pacific," is welcome. This and Mr. Frank Fox's "Problems of the Pacific" are timely publications. The first is particularly valuable on the side of history; the second, on the side of current questions. Mr. Bancroft's wealth of information points to the chief of Mr. Fox's "Problems"—the occupation and development by a superior civilization of the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Shall that civilization be white or yellow? If it is white, will it be under the British flag or the American flag, or the flag of some other nation? To answer these questions understandingly one should read these volumes.

Mediæval Church Architecture of England (The). By Charles Herbert Moore. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.

Anything that Mr. Moore writes on the subject of architecture has the note of high authority. The present volume emphasizes that note. It should prove of great help to students of architecture, and, if we are not mistaken, it should also add to the store of knowledge of many people who suppose that they are already well informed concerning architecture in general, and in particular concerning the English architecture of the Middle Ages. Like Mr. Moore's "Gothic Architecture" and "Renaissance Architecture," justly regarded as standard works in the Gothic and Renaissance periods, so the present volume is well adapted to be both a text-book for ad-

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vanced classes in our universities and a general reference book.

New Testament Manuscripts (The). Part I. **Washington Manuscript of the Four Gospels.** By Henry A. Sanders. The University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan. $1.

This manuscript, one of the oldest in existence, has been brought hither by Mr. Charles L. Freer. Now in the Freer collection at Detroit, it is destined to be deposited as a National treasure in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Most of the evidence of its antiquity, says Professor Sanders, seems to point to the fourth century. The present volume, illustrated by five facsimile plates, is devoted to his elaborately critical discussion of its characteristics and its value.

Spirit of American Literature (The). By John Macy. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.

An enjoyable and stimulating book, interesting for its faults as well as for its virtues, is John Macy's "Spirit of American Literature." Mr. Macy is no man's echo, nor is he perversely and wantonly independent. If he indulges certain apparently congenital antipathies more than is ordinarily thought proper in a serious essayist, he more than repays the reader by his generous and wise enthusiasm for some things that deserve to be "sealed of the tribe" of good literature which have not yet received the stamp of conventional authority. Readers may quarrel with Mr. Macy, they will not ignore him. Of particular significance are his chapters on Cooper, Poe, Whitman, and Henry James. At the beginning of his admirable discussion of Sidney Lanier he publishes a suggestive list of poems for an American Anthology of Lesser Lyrists. We wish we might have that anthology on our shelves. Among the poems which Mr. Macy would include are Josephine Preston Peabody's "The Singing Man," a score of poems by Father Tabb, William Vaughn Moody's "Gloucester Moors," and five poems by Edwin Arlington Robinson. It may be said without much fear of dispute that "The Spirit of American Literature" will not be popular in Boston.

Coming Mexico (The). By Joseph K. Goodrich. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.50.

This is one of a series of popular books relating to the present condition of the countries of the world. The title is not in this connection a happy one, as the author wisely and sensibly abstains from anything like prediction or conjecture as to the future of Mexico. How right he was in declaring that he could not express an opinion of the permanency of the conditions of the Government which followed the expulsion of Diaz has been emphatically shown by events since the book was published. What Mr. Goodrich does here—and does very well indeed—is to report what he saw in Mexico and to describe the Mexico of to-day, together with a look back at prehistoric Mexico; and with chapters of special information about the wealth of the country, its municipal development, its foreign relations, and its attractions for tourists, sportsmen, and students of archæology.

Napoleon's Last Campaign in Germany, 1813. By F. Loraine Petre. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.50.

Mr. Petre recently wrote a life of Bolivar which found deserved recognition. His present volume is concerned not so much with the biography of a great man as with one particular year out of the great man's life. The man was Napoleon and the year was 1813—when Germany obtained her deliverance from the Napoleonic yoke. However interesting and vivid Napoleon's earlier career is, from the standpoint of the history of civilization no year in the great Frenchman's life seems more impressive than the year following the disastrous campaign in Russia. Mr. Petre has known how to set forth his facts well.

What Shall I Do Girl (The). By Isabel W. Waitt. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $1.25.

The author has a novel idea for her book in that the young woman whom she calls the "What Shall I Do Girl" receives in answer to the question many letters from women friends who have tried various occupations and professions with greater or less success. Thus we are told in this form the experiences of a woman reporter, a social helper, a teacher, a milliner, and several others. The replies are by no means conclusively favorable, and a rather humorous turn is found in the outcome; for the inquiring girl is unwilling to make an attempt in any of the directions indicated, and settles her fate by quietly marrying a nice young man.

Home University Library. The Literature of Germany, by J. G. Robertson. **The Newspaper,** by G. Binney Dibblee, M.A. **Painters and Painting,** by Sir Frederick Wedmore. **Comparative Religion,** by J. Estlin Carpenter, D.Lit. **Dr. Johnson and His Circle,** by John Bailey. **Napoleon,** by Herbert Fisher. **The Origin and Nature of Life,** by Benjamin Moore, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 50c. per volume.

The titles given above are those of new issues in the Home University Library. We have already spoken with cordial appreciation of the scope, method, and achievements of this library. Small as the books are, they are well-proportioned in their scope and they deal in a readable and popular way with topics of present and future interest. In style the general reader rather than the special student is held in mind.

Sea and Jungle (The). By H. M. Tomlinson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Mr. Tomlinson's chronicle of a voyage up the Amazon and its tributary, the Madeira, is just the sort of book to read after finishing Mr. Caspar Whitney's "The Flowing Road." Mr. Tomlinson's aim was to find out whether a freight-boat route was possible as part of a new railway scheme. But this, to the reader, is quite incidental to the author's appreciation of every phase of interest in the life about him.

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MANY INVENTIONS

THE LARGEST THERMOMETER IN THE WORLD

BY LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG, M.D.

EVERYBODY knows about the famous Eiffel Tower of Paris, and many American visitors to Paris have tremblingly surveyed the great metropolis from its dizzy heights. It has now been found that this modern Tower of Babel is useful not only as a great wireless station, but for many other purposes. Dr. Charles F. Guillaume has arranged to confirm his findings that changes in the atmosphere really produce corresponding actual changes in the Tower. The Tower, it will be remembered, is nearly a quarter of a century old, and during this period of twenty-five years a vast number of scientific discoveries have been made upon its platforms. The amount of bending by the winds, heating and cooling by various conditions of the atmosphere, and the resistance of the girders to the changes of temperature and wind, have been carefully recorded now since 1889.

Monsieur Eiffel, who first carried out these scientific observations, built a series of doors in the floors and girders of the Tower at certain levels. M. Guillaume has continued Eiffel's studies and has also stretched a wire of invar—a material not influenced or changed by the temperature—from the second platform, which is 120 yards above, to the earth, where it is fastened. The upper end is fastened to a screw with a ball-and-socket joint. This again rests on a knife-edge from the girders of the platform. At the far end is a weight on a lever, and nearer the point of suspension a plate of lead which dips in oil. Furthermore, there is a pencil on the lever which writes upon a revolving drum. This can be moved about and different scales or markings put upon it for registering the temperature, winds, and barometric pressure.

At first Dr. Guillaume was afraid that the wire would be disturbed by sudden gusts of wind or storms and that the observations would thus be inaccurate. He has, however, found that all blustering blows show themselves on the revolving chart as little humps or waves, and by keeping about one hundred pounds weight on the lever there was no confusion whatsoever in separating the wind from the temperature effects. Thus the Eiffel Tower is not only a Gargantuan thermometer, but also a wind register and a barometer as well.

The Tower really behaves more delicately than the ordinary small thermometers. In fact, it shows all the minor variations of temperature. Compared with the official temperatures issued only a few hundred yards distant by the Government Weather Bureau, it has been found that the Eiffel Tower is much more accurate for the closer variations.

One hundred and twenty-five yards of tower expanded about one inch on January 25, and a shower of rain immediately showed a contraction of a registered measurement. Dr. Guillaume says truly that you should not be surprised to find so huge a structure so sensitive. It is most slender in spite of its gigantic height and its seven thousand tons of American iron ore. If a pillar or cylindrical covering were provided for the entire tower, the mass of the air to the mass of iron would be in the ratio of four to three. Hence the iron ought easily to respond to changes in temperature. In brief, that is actually what happens. The iron becomes more quickly heated and cooled than the general atmosphere.

Thus even a mist or fog, the passing of clouds over the face of the sun, a hoarfrost, a summer shower, or even more momentary changes than these, will be much more pronounced in the Eiffel Tower than in the surrounding air.

SHIPS OF CONCRETE

A 500-ton concrete scow, says an exchange, was recently launched at Baltimore, Maryland. It is 110 feet long, 28 feet wide, and has a depth of 10 feet 6 inches. Others, built before this one, have shown a large saving in repairs over wooden craft. It is claimed by the builders that concrete vessels will ultimately create a revolution in ship construction. The Italians have already made use of concrete vessels and have found them practicable, it is stated. Indeed, they seem to be of exceptionally stout build, for one of them, rammed by a small war cruiser, showed no other injury but a crack, which it was quite possible to repair successfuly. This accidental test gave the constructor much satisfaction.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST POWER PROJECT

The State Engineer of the State of Oregon, John H. Lewis, has, says the "Scientific American," submitted a project for developing 300,000 continuous electric horse-power at Big Eddy, a point three miles above the Dalles on the Columbia River. At this loca

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tion the river runs through a narrow gorge which could be closed by a dam only 300 feet long and 180 feet above its foundations, and the construction of a canal 300 feet wide, 20 feet deep, and a mile and a half in length. The head of water is 73 feet at low water and 42 feet at high water, and the mean flow of the river throughout the year is 235,000 cubic feet per second. The hydro-electric units would be each of 32,000 horse-power. The total cost of the scheme would be about $23,000,000.

A MODEL MINE RESCUE CAR

An interesting account in the newspapers tells of an emergency car lately fitted up by the Lehigh Valley Railway (and briefly mentioned in The Outlook last week). It shows how scientific appliances like the Draeger oxygen helmet, the Draeger electric lamp, pulmotors and inhalators, may be combined with common tools and Red Cross outfits to meet all possible needs:

The car is a converted baggage and smoker, with the baggage compartment fitted out as a hospital and operating-room. The rear half of the car is used as a kitchen, storeroom, bedroom, and general living-room.

The whole car can accommodate fifteen men. While primarily designed for emergencies, it is also used to teach the men at the collieries rescue work.

Rescue outfits have been kept for half a dozen years at four central points in the company's collieries, and the mine rescue car is to be held in readiness to rush to any point in the coal fields.

In converting the car, the side doors of the baggage half have been left as they were, and flights of steps are carried beneath the car to make it easier to lift injured men aboard. In this old baggage-room are the operating-table, surgical instruments, lockers for the men's clothes, water-coolers, and first-aid supplies, such as splints, bandages, absorbent cotton, Red Cross towels, Bellevue gauze, adhesive plaster, picric acid gauze for burns, germicidal soap, tourniquets, and aromatic spirits of ammonia. In fitting out this room hospital authorities were consulted, and they passed on every detail, from the height of the operating-table to the medical supplies.

This room also holds in overhead racks six army stretchers, a dozen rubber blankets and as many of wool. In racks along the wall are fixed fifteen big oxygen tanks and a pump for charging Draeger oxygen helmets, a dozen of which line the forward wall. They hang over low lockers in which stores are kept. These lockers are so arranged that they can be made to hold a cot arrangement for four men.

AN OIL-BURNING LINER

The repeated rumors that the British Admiralty will put some form of gas-engine into new naval ships, and that the day of coal combustion is almost over, call out special interest in the Hamburg Line ship Christian X, which recently made her first trip from Hamburg to Philadelphia. She is described in an article by Mr. Arthur St. George Joyce, in the "Technical World Magazine," as a steamless wonder:

Driven only by powerful motors, with crude oil as fuel, the Christian X, named after the Danish King, showed no funnels and, being absolutely free of all smoke and grime, was literally "clean as a hound's tooth." By utilizing the space usually given over for crew quarters, the vessel offers high-ceilinged, roomy cabins and salons that suggest a first-class hotel. The engines which drive the ship are of the compact internal-combustion model, occupying a comparatively small space, and furnish 25,000 horse-power. Their exhaust is discharged through hollow steel masts forty-five feet above the deck. Her length is 384 feet, beam 58 feet, molded depth 30 feet, and displacement 10,550 tons. There are two motors, each developing about 1,250 horse-power at 140 revolutions per minute, which is sufficient to yield a speed of fourteen miles an hour. This speed can be maintained for twenty-four hours by the use of twelve tons of crude oil fuel. The Christian X can carry 1,000 tons of the oil fuel in her double bottom, or enough to keep her on a trip around the world. Her combustion engines can be reversed, in eight seconds, from full speed ahead to full speed astern.

ARTIFICIAL FOG IN MINES

An engineer in the employ of the Government Bureau of Mines has invented a machine for producing an artificial fog. It is intended to diminish the danger of explosions of coal-dust in mines. It is thus described:

A hollow wheel is mounted on the shaft of an electric motor—the wheel is equipped with spray-nozzles at its rim. At the hub there is an opening for the admission of water. At the back there is a fan. When the wheel is rotated by the motor, and water is admitted to the opening in the hub, this water rushes through the nozzles in the form of a fine spray, which is seized, broken up still finer, and thrown outward by the blast of air from the fan-blades placed at the back.

There is practically no drip of water, and the mist produced is so extremely fine as to be fairly termed a fog—hanging suspended in the air in excessively minute particles, just as natural fog does.

The purpose of creating this artificial fog is to dampen the coal-dust which is always floating about in the subterranean atmosphere of coal mines, and thus to prevent it from igniting—explosions of such dust being the most common cause of coal-mining disasters. The machine converts into a fog a gallon and a half of water per minute. For use such an apparatus can be placed at the mouth of a mine so that the great ventilating fan can drive the fog in and down through all the tunnels.

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BY THE WAY

What American town has the most beautiful gardens? A contributor to "Suburban Life" votes for Roland Park, Maryland. "It is doubtful," he says, "if another town of its size contains such beautiful development in gardening along natural lines. They are truly friendly gardens, all of them."

"Astronomical gardening" comes in for strong censure from "House and Garden." Floral suns and moons, it says, are out of place on lawns, and so is "the outworn rowboat doing service before the house as a container of scarlet geraniums." "Shun the isolated bed as though it were plague-infested," it urges, and use the opportunities offered by the graceful possibilities of borders and edgings.

It is stated that there are now 70,000 cities, towns, and hamlets in the United States from which telephone messages may be sent—5,000 more than the number of post-offices in the country, 10,000 more than the number of railway stations, and nearly three times the number of regular telegraph offices.

When some time an American "Book of Bad Men" shall be written, one of the most curious incidents it may mention will be one concerning the Allen desperadoes recently executed in Virginia for killing the Judge, the Commonwealth's Attorney, the Sheriff, and a juror while Floyd Allen, the head of a clan of outlaws, was receiving sentence for assaulting a Deputy Sheriff.

Claude Allen, Floyd Allen's son, as reported in the newspapers, was to receive "a gold medal, subscribed to by sympathizers, 'for defending his father,' and this was in the Warden's safe when the boy went to the chair." The adulation of another Claude—Claude Duval—could not have outdone this exhibition of sentimentality.

A congress of physicians in Rome has adopted a resolution, according to a press despatch, stating that the recent increase of tuberculosis is in part due to the fashions in women's dress. And yet Worth, the famous Paris dressmaker, who has recently visited New York City, says that the gowns for the coming summer and fall are to be more daring than ever. What royal personage will start a sensible dress reform movement?

A patient in a Philadelphia hospital has been there, as an incurable, since 1854, a newspaper paragraph asserts. Going in when twenty-one years old, she has just celebrated her eightieth birthday. This is thought to be the longest sojourn in a hospital ever recorded.

The Young Women's Christian Association is considering the posting in railway stations and street cars of a warning to young women travelers. The chief emphasis is put on avoiding the advances of strangers, "even when the strangers wear the dress of sisters or nuns or are in clerical attire," or are dressed as hospital nurses; for these disguises are common among the emissaries of the underworld who seek to entrap girls traveling alone.

The "Country Gentleman" is courageous enough to publish an illustrated article telling how one man failed to make a poultry farm pay. The fatal "cost system," rigorously applied, showed a large balance to the bad at the year's end. Everything had been done for the fowls, but they refused to lay when eggs were sixty cents a dozen, and when they did lay the price was below cost! The editor asks his readers to solve the mystery, and no doubt many will, for no theme is more inviting, especially to the theorizer.

The "Dramatic Mirror" criticises Mr. John Corbin's statement that out of 3,000 plays submitted to and read by him only one or two were available. The "Mirror" thinks that more good plays are rejected than are produced. But on another page the same paper announces an offer by Mr. Winthrop Ames, director of the Little Theater, of $10,000 for the best play by an American author. If there are plenty of good new plays, why offer $10,000 for one?

Dr. Wiley says that there is perhaps no other article of food which deteriorates so rapidly on keeping in storage as fish. "I would rather do without fish at this season of the year [April]," he says, "than to eat that which had been kept in cold storage, no matter with what sanitary care."

Thackeray's noted "postage stamp" picture of the English royal family was lately purchased at auction by a Philadelphia collector for $800. It was brought to this country three years ago from England. This curious picture was made by cutting the heads from postage stamps and mounting them on pen-sketch bodies drawn by the author with his characteristic humor.

The Bowery Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York City last year served meals to 288,218 men. Seventy-one per cent of the diners chose a five-cent menu—perhaps because this comprised a full meal for a hungry man, it would seem—soup, baked beans, bread, coffee, and five crullers. Notwithstanding the general advance in prices, this meal is said to be furnished at cost, not below it.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, the artist, is said to be an enthusiastic follower of "bioscopy," or the making of film plays. The new art, he declares, "has three attractions—you can make pictures without the bother of painting them, act plays without a stage, and compose stories without the labor of compiling a book." The film companies probably find the production of a good picture play not quite so easy as Sir Hubert indicates.

In a letter by Charles Dickens to W. H. Wills, published not long ago, this comment on the novelist's first visit to America may perhaps explain in part why Dickens wrote some severe things of us: "When I went to America in '42, I was so much younger, but (I think) very much weaker, too. I had had a painful surgical operation performed shortly before going out. . . . My life in the States was a life of continual speech-making (quite as laborious as Reading), and I was less patient and more irritable then than I am now."

In the same letter Dickens, who came to America on his second visit against the advice of many friends, says: "If you were to work out the question of Reading profits here [in England], you would find that it would take years to get £10,000. To get that sum in a heap so soon is an immense consideration to me." It is a satisfaction to recall that his readings in this country during the few months of his second visit netted him nearly double this sum—almost $100,000.

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